The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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FOUND ON THE BEACH, GIVEN UP BY THE TIDE.

Sad Story of a Wrecked Life of a Young Girl.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF CURRENT EVENTS EVERY WEEK

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ONE WHO KNOWS A BIT (Glasgow).—1. Bob Fitzsimmons, champion of Australia, defeated in an international contest James J. Corbett, champion of America, for the Heavy-weight Championship of the World. 2. Fitz about 12st 7lb when he fought Sharkey.

PRIVATE HARDING (Lucknow, India.)—1. He is an imposter. 2. Jack McAuliffe, the ex-Light-weight Champion, resides in New York. He has never visited India.

BRUM.—John L. Sullivan fought Jake Kilrain for the Championship of America (not of the World) at Richburg, Mississippi, July 8, 1889, for 10,000dols. a-side.

J. W. (Walthamstow). — The feather-weight limit is 9st.

ARCHIE.—1. He was not disqualified in the fifth round but in the fourth. 2. It is incorrect.

G. A. GREEN.—You lose. We have received many inquiries as to the number of rounds contested; see answer to Archie.

H. WINSTON, R. L., and W. BATEMAN.—See answer to Archie.

C. C.—There was no race in 1890.

O.P.O.—At the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on September 9, 1880.

A. PARK.—1. Glencoe Belle trotted ten miles and a half in 29min 35⅘sec. 2. Between Attleborough and Larlingford.

P. NEWTOWN.—Yes, they fought a draw for the championship of England.

F. BEVINGTON.—It was for £200 a-side and a purse given by the National Sporting Club.

T. ABBOTT.—Whippets are handicapped in Lancashire and London by weight, in some places by inches.

T. MARSHALL.—1. The prizes given are not very valuable. 2. The honour of winning is sufficient. 3. No.

CONSTANT READER.—1. The ball should hang to the level of the chin suspended by a cord not longer than 24in. 2. The ceiling or wooden structure must be brought to within 2ft of the head.

ROVER.—It appears in this week's issue.

ELL.—He won from scratch, February 10, 1891.

N. O. N.—100yd has been covered in 9 4-5sec.

N. A. P.—Four players.

BOBS.—Louis Cyr would undoubtedly be considered the strongest man living at that time.

F. EARLY.—The Derby won by Lord Lyon was worth £7,350.

J. T. JONES.—1. He would not be an amateur if he accepted money. 2. A prize. Yes.

C. GARNER.—1. Bantam weight, 8st 4lb and under, is the lowest weight recognised. 2. No.

H. RHODES.—Tom Sayers retired after his fight with Heenan, 1860.

Z. C.—1. Sibola the One Thousand and Musa the Oaks. 2. Never won the Derby.

A. R. A.—Not considered a fair record.

S. G.—They have to draw for their positions.

W. DEANSGATE.—1. He did not beat the twenty miles record, but in the attempt lowered the sixteen and seventeen miles. 2. His times were 1hr 28min 14sec and 1hr 34min 15sec respectively; twenty miles was finished in 1hr 55min 33sec. 3. In 1hr 54min by P. Brynes.

BOBS (Scotland).—There is nothing better than the juice of a lemon.

(Several Answers crowded out).

ARRIVAL OF JEM CORBETT IN ENGLAND.

EXODUS OF AMERICAN BOXERS.

REPEAL OF THE HORTON LAW.

BIG PURSES WANTED FOR BIG MEN.

THE arrival of Jem Corbett in England, with other pugilistic notabilities to follow, owing to the repeal of the Horton Law, reminds us of a greater stampede of pugilists from this country now a little over thirty years ago. In 1869 or thereabouts the British Parliament passed an enactment that any steamboat company, railway company, or private person conveying pugilists to the scene of the encounter were liable to a penalty of five hundred pounds. The London, Chatham and Dover, or "London, Smash-'em and Run-over," as this railway (owing to a number of accidents) was called in its earlier days, ran to Gravesend, from which the Fancy crossed over in boats to Purfleet on the Essex marshes, where they were free from interruption. While waiting for the special to start the ramping by the pugilistic following was so great that it became a crying scandal in the neighbourhood. When Patsey Reardon fought Jem Dillon for a big stake on December 9, 1862, at the place above mentioned, several of the mob who followed the fighters entered an early morning coffee-house in Shoe Lane. The proprietor briskly attended to the wants of his customers, who soon cleared him out of chops, steaks, ham, eggs, and other comestibles, besides bread and butter, coffee, and tea. The old man who proprietored the show went round gaily for the pieces, thinking that he had done a good morning's work, when the assembled ruffians not only refused payment for same but, seizing the poor old coffee shopkeeper, they sat him on his own fire and almost roasted his latter end. Such little jokes as the above, with the attendant snatching, was the cause of the enactment which virtually killed pugilism. Just as we shall shortly have American fighters on British soil, so our fighters of any class journeyed to the States. It was early in 1870 that the first battle for the championship of England and America was fought on American soil at New Orleans between Jem Mace and Tom Allen, a battle which Mace won, and for which a belt was presented, now in the possession of Jem Mace. It is embellished with the eagles, the emblem of America's soaring ambition, and is the only recognized champion belt so far as pugilism is concerned. When all our boxing top-sawyers made tracks for America pugilism, even among boys, was a dead and done article. Disputes formerly settled with the fists were now settled in the police courts and occupied the time of magistrates which should have been devoted to other purposes. All our pugilists who journeyed to America were what is termed "has beens." Poor old Joe Goss had long since seen his best day when he fought Paddy Ryan for the championship of America; and as Jem Mace had twice soundly whopped Joe Goss, we cannot see where the Northampton's bid for championship honours came in with Mace still alive to dispute them. It was not much of a pugilistic feat for Paddy Ryan to dispose of old Joe Goss, and then arose a pugilistic star, whose name and adventures stirred the stagnant blood of England, which until then had languished, so that the best part of the youth of the U.K. who did not know the use of boxing gloves when by chance old stock resuscitated from old-time receptacles were displayed for sale. When Billy Madden, who had quarrelled with J. L. Sullivan, came to this country to obtain a man to beat his quondam friend and pupil, he found boxing among big men a lost art. The Joe Wormalds, the O'Baldwins, the Andrew Marsdens, the Iles, the Tom Kings, and the numerous big 'uns of a past generation were as extinct as the megatherium or the mastodon, and to meet a man like Sullivan a competition took place among boxers, any one of whom could have fought at 10st, who were emasculated by the referee (a swimming reporter, and now a boxer's amanuensis), disqualifying some "for hitting hard," and giving verdicts to others, who in many cases did not know the common rudiments of boxing. We are in just the same position to-day as regards anything like size in the boxing world, with just about the same capability in boxing as we were when Billy Madden came to this country, now nearly twenty years ago, to find a man to take down J. L.'s number. We do not know what brought on the quarrel with Sullivan and his manager, Billy Madden, but J. L. had a temper of his own. When Jem Mace was passing through America from Australia on his road to England about 1883 an Irishman named Murphy, who had made a big pile, deposited a thousand dollars that Jem Mace could not stand before J. L. Sullivan six rounds. Jem Mace covered Murphy's deposit of one thousand dollars, and then Murphy consulted J. L. "Did I tell you to put down this money?" said Sullivan. "Well, no, yez did not," said Murphy. "Well, the next time you put money down for me to fight you will have to ask me." Consequently Murphy, by being too previous, lost his one thousand dollars deposit, but not before he had contested the validity of Jem Mace's claim in a court of law. When Sullivan came here and sparred at the Aquarium he had no big men to meet him. When Peter Jackson came here it was the same. Jem Corbett had to bring his own sparring partner with him, while as for Jem Jeffries, the mob who met the world's champion at Westminster looked midgets beside the herculean ex-hammerman, and their boxing more nearly resembled ground tumbling than the noble art of self-defence.

In England there are no big halls like the Madison Square Garden, where boxing is carried on under the supervision of the police, and where 75 per cent. of the receipts means a big fortune. Outside the N.S.C., where the sharing dues are non-existent, there is not a hall where a good gate could be relied upon, for the reason that in this country police protection is denied the spectators at a boxing match, as was recently shown in the case of the contest between Gardiner and Craig, the better class supporters of boxing were conspicuous by their absence.

Jem Corbett, since his arrival in this country, where he has put up at that refugium peccatorum the Hotel Cecil, has expressed a predilection for the National Sporting Club, and anticipates that this club will offer a £1,000 purse for a match between Jem Jeffries and himself. We think the days of £1,000 purses, even for big men like Jeffries and Corbett, are over in this country. Had he not beaten Jem Corbett a purse of some magnitude might have been forthcoming for Corbett and Jeffries. Fit and well, Jem Jeffries can always beat Jem Corbett, but if, as Corbett states, Jeffries will never be able to use his left hand again with any marked effect, why, such a contest would be hardly worth seeing. Jem Jeffries thus handicapped is a cripple, and thousand-pound purses are not usually put up for a sound man and a cripple. Comparisons are always odious, and when Jem Corbett mentions "Kid" McCoy as a better man than Jem Jeffries, a comparison in this sense is more odious still. When Jem Corbett was in the best shape of his life he was eventually beaten senseless by Jem Jeffries. The match was for twenty-five rounds. Jeffries is always Corbett's master for endurance or the above number of rounds. We don't say anything about a shorter distance. Now mark the difference in the men. Jem Corbett meets McCoy, and after two rounds of hit, stop, and get away there is only one in it, and that not the vaunted "Kid" McCoy. On the face of this form Jem Corbett must be acting the part of bearer up for "Kid" McCoy, but however the match Corbett v. McCoy might have caught on at the Madison Square Garden it would fall very flat at the Club in Covent Garden.

THE CHAMPION DEERHOUND, AVENING QUEEN, AND HER TRAINER, HARRY DAY.

(With Portraits.)

AVENING QUEEN is the property of Mr. Calcutt, of the Metropolitan Meat Market. It is trained by Harry Day, and although only fourteen months old has won first prizes at every show where deerhounds have been exhibited; in fact, Avening Queen is the champion deerhound of England.

TOM SHERMAN, OF MITCHAM,

An Old-Time Cricketer and Trainer of Pugilists.

(With Portrait.)

TOM SHERMAN, who is now between seventy and eighty years of age, has trained some of the best pugilists of a bygone generation, among them being Jack Grant, for his fight with Tom Sayers, and Bill Jordan, the present official of the Californian Athletic Club, for his fight with "Young" Sambo (Welsh) more than fifty years ago. In fact, Tom Sherman trained Jack Grant for his fight with James in the early forties. Tom Sherman commenced his cricket career at a very early age, playing his first match on Figg's Marsh, Tom Lockyer's Eleven v. Tom Sherman's Eleven, September 19, 1837. At fifteen was playing in Mitcham Eleven against the Village and Surrey. In a match played at Sutton, v. Mitcham, obtained last five wickets without a run being scored. A tie match at Hayes, v. Bromley, Sherman, Tom Sherman, and Blundell disposed of the Hayes side and no run got from the bat; one bye only was scored.

In the Surrey County Cup matches Tom Sherman and Fred Knight bowled nineteen successive maiden overs. In Tom Sherman's last match, Surrey v. Notts, Tom obtained seven wickets in one innings. In a match played at the Oval, Twenty-two Gentlemen of Surrey v. Eleven Players, Tom obtained twenty-one wickets in the second innings, and scored ninety-three runs.

A GRUESOME MEAL WITH A SKELETON.

New Craze for a Fashionable Beauty.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE fashionable world, like the pugilistic, must have its many mascots. Fitz has his lion, Corbett his deerhound, but a lady quite eclipses these famous fistic heroes by having a skeleton in her boudoir, and the morning lunch is a gruesome meal at which the skeleton presides, being seated, glass in hand, at the table, with the lady sitting opposite. Mr. "Bones," as that gentleman is nicknamed, only appears to gaily partake of the good things on the table. Anything out of the common or to be thought eccentric nowadays is the only way to reach notoriety, and it is probably more a matter of vanity than pleasure that some people care to be the gossip of their neighbours.

LOST HIS WAGER ON THE ELECTION,

And Had to Ride Round the Town in his own Coffin.

(Subject of Illustraton.)

MANY are the curious wagers and bets that have been made in connection with the present Presidential election in America. Whether Mr. McKinley retains his office or Mr. Bryan will get the coveted office has led to several quaint scenes. One loser in Virginia was compelled by the terms of his bet on Mr. Bryan getting a majority was that in the event of losing he would ride round the town in his coffin, while the lucky McKinleyite could ride astride the oblong object with his friend inside.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Tommy Hogan (of America).
"Pedlar" Palmer (bantam champion of England).
Jack Thompson (Newcastle).
Andrew Glasgow (pedestrian, Newcastle).
Jack Kennedy.
George Clennand (Newcastle).
Jack Elder (Newcastle).
William Bone (Newcastle).
Dick Railton (Newcastle).
H. Clennand (Newcastle).
Richard Railton, jun. (Newcastle).
Jack Milburn (Newcastle).
Tom King.
Shakey Nathan.
Dick Smith.
Patsey Griffiths (trainer).
Pat Daly.
George P. Gardiner (of Ireland).
Roland Riley (comedian).
Charlie McKeever (of America).
Jack Lewis (coloured).
T. Reed.
Conrad Stubenbord, jun. (Brooklyn, N.Y.).
Hans F. Meyer (Brooklyn, N.Y.).
Mr. Sam Nixon (Liverpool).
Bill Pike.
Frank Exall.
Wag Ashley.
Harry Westbrook.
Bob Russell.
Walter Armstrong ("Cross-buttocker").
Mrs. Swanney, jun.
Mrs. Swanney, sen.
Bill Pike.
Owen Kenny (Gardiner's manager).
Prof. A. J. Newton.
"Toff" Wall.
J. Patterson.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

New York, September 8, 1900.

Editor, The Mirror of Life, London.

With the passing of the Horton Law at twelve o'clock midnight, August 31, there came to an end a princely source of revenue to fighters and promoters of scraps. This golden stream has flowed since 1896, and in the five years New Yorkers have spent on fights the huge sum of $2,657,800, which has been split up in the following manner: Fighters' share, $998,186; promoters', $1,677,120. Thirty-three hundred and fifty fights are estimated in that time, with 1898 and 1899 the banner years. In those years 900 fights were pulled off, while the returns for the fiscal year show only 300. According to the statistician, 1,760,000 people have paid admissions. The total receipts for 1898 were $350,000, split up $100,000 to the fighters, and $250,000 to the promoters. Six hundred fights were pulled off. The next year the fighters for $150,000, and to promoters $250,000 for 650 fights. In 1898 900 fights netted the principals $185,000, and the promoters $390,000. Last year, for the same number of fights, the pugilists for $180,000 and the promoters $300,000. For the eight months of 1900 $50,000 went to the fighters and $465,000 to the promoters. Sharkey is said to have profited mostly by the Horton Law, it being estimated that he must have cleared up at least $92,000. Jeffries comes next with $90,000, McCoy with $61,593, McGovern with $60,000, Fitzsimmons with $70,000, Dixon with $45,000, Ruhlin with $23,500, and Corbett with 36,596. The largest gate receipts were for the Jeffries-Corbett fight, when $60,000 came in. The Corbett-McCoy contest netted $55,310. In most cases the fighters got half the gate receipts. As showing the drawing abilities of the various men, the following is interesting: The "Spike" Sullivan-McBride go at the Broadway brought in $10,000, of which the fighters got $5,000. The Creedon-Baker fight before the Empire brought about the same financial results. Dixon and Erne got $7,500 of the $15,000 from the Broadway. The first Walcott-West fight, before the Marlborough, brought in $80,000, of which amount the principals got half, Creedon and O'Brien for $2,000 of the $4,000 gate receipts from the Broadway. In 1896 Barry and Kelly got $11,500; West and Walcott, $4,000; Gardner and Smith, $2,500; Lavigne and Connelley, $5,000 from the Broadway; McCoy and O'Brien, $6,000 from the Palace; and Sharkey and Maher, $25,000, from the same club. Harry and Leon was the first big fight of 1898, and they got $1,500 from the Lenox. This same club gave $5,000 to Santry and Dixon, and $7,000 to Hawkins and Sullivan. Sharkey and Ruhlin drew $10,000 from the Greater New York Club for their first fight. Dixon and Jordan were worth $8,000, the sum given them by the Lenox. The Pelican gave Ruhlin and McCormick $3,000. Bernstein and Santry got $3,000, and Armstrong $10,000. Downey and McBride for $4,000, from the Coney Island; McPartland and Daly, for $9,000, from the Greater New York. Corbett and Sharkey received $25,000 for their fight before the Lenox, who also gave Gardner and Dixon $10,000. Matthews and Zeigler fought before the Greenwood for $3,500 in 1899; Sharkey and McCoy received $21,500 from the Lenox. Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, $46,000, from Coney Island; McGovern and Palmer, $15,000, from the Tuckahoe; Gans and Kelly, $2,500, from the Lenox; Ruhlin and Jeffords, $7,000, from the Broadway; and Jeffries and Sharkey, $42,000, from the Coney Island. McCoy and Maher, for $14,000, in 1900, out of the Coney Island. The Broadway Club was most prominent, and paid for the following fights: Sullivan-McFadden, $5,000; McGovern-Dixon, $12,500; McCoy-Choynski, $12,500; Bernstein-Broad, $6,500; McConnell-Smith, $6,000; Bernstein-Broad (second fight), $6,000; Sullivan-Gans, $7,500; Matthews-McPartland, $10,000; Walcott-Choynski, $6,000; McGovern-Gardner, $11,000; Broad-Sullivan, $6,000; Erne-Gans, $11,500; Walcott-Walsh, $6,000; Matthews-Smith, $10,000; McGovern-Warren, $7,500; Bernstein-Gardner, $6,000; O'Brien-Gardner, $5,000; Smith-Walcott, $3,000; Gans-Hawkins, $7,500; McCoy-Bonner, $10,000; Sharkey-Kenny, $3,000; Maher-O'Donnell, $9,000. Fitzsimmons and Dunkhorst got $7,500 from the Hercules; Corbett and Jeffries, $30,000 from the Seaside, who also paid $7,500 to Matthews and Connelley. White and McGovern, $2,500; Ruhlin and Sharkey, $20,000, were other purses paid by the Seaside. The Twentieth Century gave $26,000 to Erne and McGovern, $17,000 to McFadden and O'Brien, $20,500 to Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin, and $33,186 to Corbett and McCoy. It is almost certain that boxing will be resumed in this State after Jan. 1, 1901. It was learned from a very reliable source last night that a bill somewhat similar to the Horton Law is to be one of the first measures introduced in the Legislature. It was said it will surely pass both Houses. Senator Tim Sullivan, who was responsible for the Horton Law, it is said, will frame the new bill, and will work to secure its passage. "Big Tim," as the Senator is familiarly known, is a power in Albany. He is also one of the most popular politicians in the country, and there is believed to be little doubt that he will succeed in getting the bill passed by both Houses. In speaking of his recent battle with Gus Ruhlin a few nights ago, Bob Fitzsimmons said to the writer: "In the first round of that fight I imagined Ruhlin was throwing boxing gloves at me. He sent in a bunch of jabs into my face that made me see stars for a few seconds. When I went back to my corner I said to George Dawson, my trainer, 'George, have I gone back, or am I too old to do any more fighting?' 'Why, Bob, you are winning in a walk,' said he, and I, feeling satisfied he meant well, at once started in in the second round to try to finish Ruhlin as quickly as I could. As I knocked him down in that round I got more confidence, and finally beat him out in the sixth round. I can truthfully say that after the third round I thought I could never fight again, as I really believed my age was against me." Last evening Joe Gans, of Baltimore, the champion coloured light-weight, and George McFadden, of New York, who aspires to the light-weight championship, fought a six rounds battle at the Penn Art Club at its opening, the bout resulting in a draw. The fighters did a great deal of clinching, and there was little hard hitting on the part of either. It was a good fight, and the supporters of the men found frequent opportunity for applause. Gans landed more than McFadden, but his blows seemed to make little impression upon his antagonist. Both fighters were in good trim, and while the fight was fairly fast, it was not as speedy as expected. Well, Billy Smith and Joe Walcott are matched to fight at last. This fight should be a "peacherina," for whenever they meet they usually forget that they are gentlemen by deliberately spitting in each other's face, taking a nose bite, calling each other pet names, and getting in an occasional kick on each other's shins. What a great fight these two men would make in a room with the door locked! One of them would surely jump out of the window. Which would it be? The announcement by "Kid" McCoy that he will never fight a heavy-weight again, but will stick to the middle-weight class, is certainly a wise move on the part of the clever "Kid." McCoy, in the first place, should have never consented to fight the big fellows. Since the "Kid" has fought heavy-weights his solar plexus has been punctured, his nose has been broken, and his physique greatly shattered. Stick to the middle-weights, "Kid"; they aren't such brutes. "Spike" Sullivan expects to become the matchmaker of an athletic club in Canada. During the past month "Spike" has been negotiating for a club-house at Fort Erie, and has succeeded in obtaining a good site. "Spike" will put up a club-house which will have a seating capacity for over 5,000.

THE TATTLER.

BERNARD JONES,

The Youthful Sampson Who Can With One Hand Lift 170lb Above His Head.

(With Portrait.)

Bernard Jones first saw the light seventeen years and eight months ago, and is considered the strongest youth for his age. He is only waiting to be taken in hand to become one of the strongest for his inches. His measurements are: Neck, 15½in; chest, expanded, 38in; waist, 28in; arm, 13in; forearm, 11in; wrist, 7½in; thigh, 19in; calf, 13½in; ankle, 9in. Age, 17 years 8 months; height, 5ft 5in; weight, 124lb. Lift with one hand over head, 170lb; lift with little finger over head, 70lb.

NED STARKEY,

Who Recently Defeated Dave Fitch, of South Africa, in Eight Rounds.

(With Portrait.)

Ned Starkey first saw the light in 1877, and is consequently twenty-two years of age, stands 5ft 0½in in height, and scales 8st 4lb. Beat H. Huyton, 3rds; beat Jack Ruth, 3rds; beat C. Higginson, 3rds; beat W. Hughes, 6rds; beat J. Thelwall; beat Dick Haycock, 1rd; beat Jack Finlay, 1rd; beat J. Allison, 1rd; "Butcher" King, 4rd draw; beat Tom Sweeney, 7rds; beat D. Hughes, 3rds; J. Taylor, 14rds; beaten by Tom Williams, 20rds; beat Billy Wallace, 4rds; beat J. Massey, 3rds; beat Bobby Hawes, 3rds; beat Howes, 4rds; beat Bob Hunter, 4rds; draw with McHugh; knocked out by John George, the coloured light-weight champion of Cape Colony, in 5rds; knocked out L. Liddell at Durban, S.A., in 9rds; beat Dave Fitch, of S.A., in 8rds.

PLAYED ON THE COWBOYS WITH THE WATER HOSE.

He "Cuied" their Smoke and the Men at the Same Time.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An American vessel coasting down the ports of Mexico picked up as passengers six cowboys who were transferring their services to Buenos Ayres, but their conduct on board was anything but desirable. Always having a free hand on the green plains among their cattle they could not understand the rules and regulations of the ship, and in consequence several scenes of disorder occurred. On one occasion they persisted in smoking in a prohibited part of the ship, so the mate, to make a forcible declaration against them, suddenly turned on a powerful hose, the water from which threw them back and thoroughly soaked them from head to foot.

PAID DAUGHTER AND SON-IN LAW A SURPRISE VISIT.

Home a Desolation with a Woman in Drink.

(Subject of Illustration.)

There is no place like home for domestic comfort, but a newly-married couple had by their behaviour made home a desolation—not an uncommon thing to find the pair indulging in strong drink at an early hour. Thus their conduct became a scandal to the neighbourhood in which they resided, and it was not long before the young wife's mother became acquainted with her daughter's propensity for the bottle. So, to ascertain the facts, she paid the pair a surprise visit, and only too clearly had her fears realised, for on entering the room her daughter lay stretched on the floor, while her son-in-law was seated sleeping at the table, while a profusion of bottles, which had been emptied of their contents, lay scattered about.

GALLANT RESCUE IN A STRONG SEA.

Two Women Save a Sailor from a Watery Grave.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Grace Darling and her gallant rescue will ever remain fresh in the minds of her countrymen, and her noble heroism will spur the daughters of Old England to deeds of daring. Even now many of the fishers' wives can handle a boat with equal skill as their fathers or brothers. Only last week two women on the north-east coast saved a sailor from perishing in the waves; at the time the weather was very tempestuous, and the women in the boat rowed to the man's assistance, being just in time, as the exhausted sailor in a very short time would have sunk.

"BILLY" WAS IN POSSESSION OF THE BEDROOM.

There was a "Butt" in the Case, and the Lodger was Floored.

(Subject of Illustration.)

During the absence of the landlady the family pet—a goat—had taken possession of a bedroom, and after devouring all the loose newspapers quietly lay down to sleep, and would no doubt have remained so, but unfortunately the new lodger had to be accommodated, and when the hour arrived for him to retire, he gaily ascended to the regions above, little dreaming he would meet a four-legged visitor; but on opening the door the goat slowly rose, and without any warning suddenly sprang forward and painfully butted the lodger, whose yells of pain and terror soon brought assistance to capture the brute.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for:—

Mr. Solomon.
J. W. Abbott.
Frank Leon (two).
Charles Connolly.
Bobby Dobbs (three).
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Miss Vesta Victoria.
"Greek" George.
J. Gans (two).
George Campbell.
Driver Pincher.
Billy Plimmer.
P. Gorman.
George Fox Giles.
Alec Hurley.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
George Slark
J. Corbett.
Jem Hall
Jem Holloway.
Billy Ross.
C. McCoy.
Ernie Greaves.
H. Chance Newton.
Claude Thompson.
A. McDonald.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comforts, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

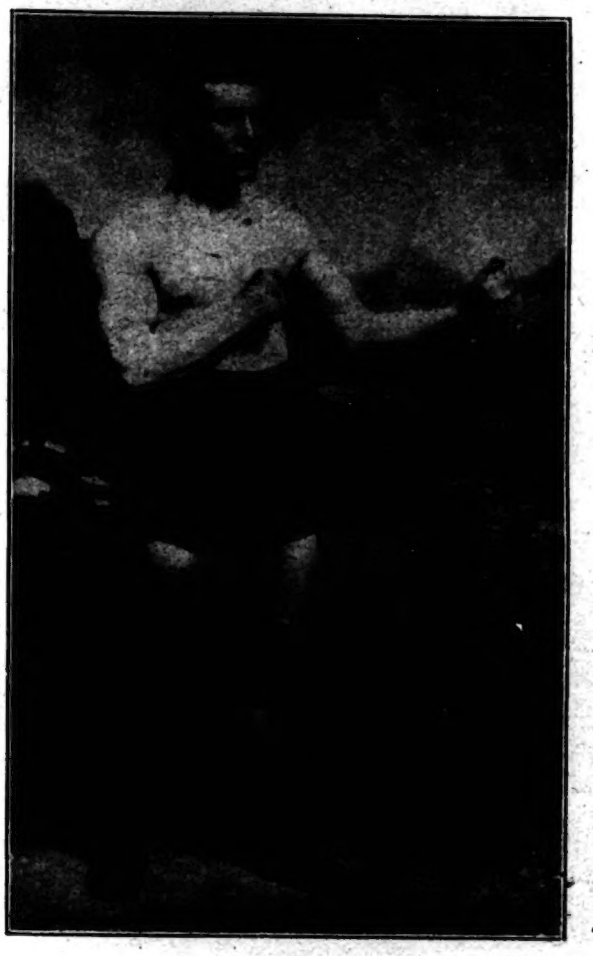
THE CHAMPION DEERHOUND, AVENING QUEEN, AND HER TRAINER. HARRY DAY.

VULCANA,
A Charming Young Lady, who Recently Performed the Record One-Handed Lift.

JACK HIBBERD,
A Well-known Pedestrian who Walked 70 Miles 677 Yards in One Day.

"BILLY" WAS IN POSSESSION OF THE BEDROOM.
There was a "Butt" in the Case, and the Lodger was Floored.

TOM SHERMAN,
Of Mitcham, an Old-Time Cricketer, and Trainer of Pugilists.



NED STARKEY,
Who Recently Defeated Dave Fitch, of South Africa, in Eight Rounds.

GALLANT RESCUE IN A STORMY SEA.
Two Women Save a Sailor from a Watery Grave.

"JOLLY JUMBO" AND THE FOOT-ball team.—When "Jolly" took possession of the Coach and Horses, Stonebridge Park, he set an old frequenter of the house on the track of the Stonebridge Park F.C., whose headquarters used to be at the old Coach and Horses ground, Stonebridge Park, N.W. "Jolly Jumbo" has taken the club in hand, and means to make it boom this season; in fact he will travel the country with it under a new title, "'Jolly Jumbo's' Team of Footballers." The ground will shortly be enclosed, a grand stand and members' club and dressing rooms are to be erected, and stronger clubs figure on a very attractive programme, which also includes athletic events and smoking concerts. The new secretary is Mr. Fred Welton, of No. 107, Rucklidge Avenue, Willesden Junction, who will be glad to hear from intending members. It is proposed to run two, if not three, teams, and there is a vacancy in the first team for a good forward or half-back.

THE LEGER.—THE PRINCE OF Wales again scored with Diamond Jubilee, who now joins the band of triple crown-heroes—winners of the Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger. Although the famous St. Leger Stakes were instituted in 1776, racing at Doncaster dates back 300 years. There are many quaint stories told concerning the historic meeting, and sportsmen need hardly to be reminded of the puritanical Mayor of Doncaster in 1615, who decreed that no races should be held in the district because he thought they caused "quarrels, murder, and bloodshed," and who had to retire from the chief magistracy of the "horsey borough" owing to the tremendous indignation of the inhabitants at this interference with their pleasures. It was in the previous year, 1614, that the corporation allowed a man the sum of eighteenpence for making a road to the course! In 1835 the St. Leger had the honour of being the first race witnessed by the girl who was so soon to become Queen of Great Britai.

SKITTLES. — THE COMMODIOUS skittle alley attached to Tom Leigh's hostelry, the Lord Palmerston, Howlett Road, Old Ford, was crowded to excess last Tuesday week by the followers of this old English game to witness Jem Garwood, the champion, who had undertaken for a special prize to stick up and knock down 100 clear nines within one hour. As will be seen from the details below, he performed his feat with 2min. 40sec. to spare. On commencing the play Jem had very hard luck, and in the the first quarter of an hour was greatly in arrear. When "Half-time!" was called, however, he was one frame to the good, and continuing to play in a grand manner, he succeeded in accomplishing his task in 57min. 20sec., being loudly applauded by all present for his fine performance. During the play Garwood got 100 9's, forty-three 8's, seven 7's, and one 6.

INSANITY OF A DUAL WINNER OF a Sheffield Handicap.—In the Third Court at the Old Bailey on Wednesday, Charley Ransom, the famous sprint runner, was put on trial for alleged burglary. The charge, however, could not be substantiated, as it was proved that Ransom was not accountable for his actions. The verdict returned in the case was that Ransom was not mentally capable of pleading to the charge made against him. This was breaking into a shop in the Kew Road and stealing a bottle of brandy, a bottle of whisky, and two half-pounds of tea. The judge said that the unfortunate prisoner bore an excellent character, and that he would be sent to a good place, where he would be taken care of. Harry Ransom, the ground man of the Putney Velodrome, is a brother of Charley Ransom.

DEATH OF EDWARD PAYNE.—We regret to hear of the death of "Ned" Payne, after a long and painful illness. He was well-known to all racing men as a faithful henchman of the Cannon family, by whom he will be sincerely mourned, as indeed by all who knew him, for an honest and straightforward man. Poor old "Ned" was a study when a boxing encounter was on. Usually a most pacific man, "Ned" used to go absolutely mad with excitement, and on one occasion at the Lambeth School at Arms, when Jem Kendrick met Bill Goode ("Chesterfield"), "Ned" was so demonstrative that Bob Habbijam, who was M.C., seized poor "Ned" by the trousers bottoms and dragged him sans ceremony out of the saw-dusted arena.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOW-ing from Tom Burrows, the champion club swinger, now in South Africa:—

Broonspruit,
Orange River Colony,
South Africa,
August 15, 1900.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—After six months' active service, which has been full of exciting events, I take the pleasure of writing you to say, that with the exception of a bullet through my coat sleeve, and two horses getting shot under me, I am fit and well. Our company (the 35th Middlesex) marched from Norval's Pont to Bloemfontein, a distance of two hundred miles, in ten days, to catch Lord Roberts's column to join in the general advance to Pretoria, but, alas! we arrived three days too late, so pushed on to join General Rundle's Eighth Division, and got our first taste of the enemy at Thaba N'chu, driving the Boers back until we arrived at Senekel, where our company lost four killed, ten wounded, and eleven missing. Major Dalbiac of ours was killed. He was a good sportsman and a champion swearer. On May 27 the Eighth Division moved out at four o'clock in the morning to attack the Boers, who had taken up a splendid position at Biddulphburg, about five miles from Senekel. Our company was on the right flank, and the wily Boers lay low, not to be drawn, so our captain sent me, in charge of five men, to draw the fire (an exciting pastime). We rode up to the kopje in extended order until we got within eight hundred yards, when ping, ping, ping sang out the Mauser bullets, tearing up the ground around us and pinging past my ears that I expected that my name would be Mr. Mud if I stayed much longer, so I gave the order to our fellows to gallop back to our company, without any of us getting hit. Our company had taken up a position, and we let them know we were on earth. On the second and third day we got into some warm places, but on the other side of the kopje the Guards met with awful luck, losing over 200 killed and wounded. After that the Boers kept to the long range of hills from Senekel to Ficksburg, some thirty miles. General Rundle had a large order to keep the enemy from breaking through that long distance, and we knew it. Patrolling, scouting, and night marches day after day for over six weeks without engaging the enemy, except when they held some magnificent natural position, so they could put their pom-pom on us with safety. On May 24 seventy-five of our company was ordered to join General Clements's flying column. We left England 120 strong; on that day we could not muster more than seventy-three men and non-coms., so it has not been a picnic. On the afternoon of May 25 the order came in, "Full marching order at 6.30 p.m. for a night march to surprise a Boer laager." Our force consisted of 400, composed of the 2nd Brabant's Horse, the Border Horse, Cape Mounted Rifles, our company, and the Stafford Yeomanry and two guns. We marched until 7.30 on the 25th, when we camped on a side of a small kopje. We linked our horses together, took off our blankets, and laid down to sleep. We were called at 5.30, fed our horses, then took our breakfast of hard biscuits and bully beef. When just finishing wrestling with my last bit of teeth-proof biscuit, the Boers revealed their position, having entrenched riflemen not five hundred yards away from us, and opened fire on us with three heavy guns, two pom-poms and Maxims. You will understand that the Boers were supposed to be on the other side of the kopje, our front, instead they were on our rear. Well, everyone was panic-stricken, shells bursting, pom-pom shells smashing horses, men rushing to find their horses or rifles. I managed to get my horse unlinked and get over the kopje, where I mounted and held a horse for one of my chums, whose horse was like a mad mule on springs. Well, I galloped after some loose horses and captured one, but a bursting shell close to the horse caused him to kick and plunge, finally getting away from me. By this time I was on the sky line of some hills, and the Boers had commenced a cross fire, which enabled me to return to our men. While thinking how to get back up came our sergeant-major, who collected all the men he could trust to break through the Boer lines, but was unsuccessful. It was now too hot to stay in our position. We made for a farm and occupied a position in the kraal, where we waited some time, but not seeing signs of the enemy sent out three men. One got captured, and the others reported Boers coming down in force, so we mounted and made a dash for the open veldt. No sooner had we came out of the kraal than the Boers poured a heavy fire with Mausers from a Kaffir kraal on us at about 1,000 yards. We replied, and could see the Boers trying to surround us, so we commenced on a ride from Selufontein to Ventersburg Road Station, a distance the way we came to avoid the kopjes of over sixty miles. On going for about twenty miles we stopped to water our horses and get a biscuit, thinking we had got away from the Boers. We had no sooner loosened our saddle girths than ping, ping, came bullets like hail; we fired a few shots, but it only meant our capture had we attempted to make a stand, so another dash—we could see the Boer scouts watching our movements—until we came near the town of Ventersburg, where a Boer with a pass told us that the town was safe, but the station, ten miles further on, was occupied by Boers. This good news put new life into us, when visions of a good meal of bread and tea floated before mine eyes while we went down a spruit to water our tired-out horses. Alas! no sooner had our horses touched the water than the Boers by some means or other had got to a kopje close to the spruit we had to cross before us and gave us a reception warm enough to make anyone think of home. We got out of the spruit and got fired on from the town that the friendly Boer had told us was occupied by the British. It's now getting dark, and sixteen men cannot do much against the odds we had to contend with. Just then a Kaffir came by and told us that he thought the British was at the station ten miles away. It was our last chance, so we spurred on our tired horses until we came within sight of the lights of the station. I took two men and galloped on in advance to the station, telling one of the men with me if a Boer challenged us to say friend in Dutch, as we did not know who was at the station, and we could get back to the others and tell them and get away. Nearer and nearer came the lights as we kept our horses on the grass to make no noise, when like a voice of the blessed came the words in good old Irish, "Halt! who goes there." I answered "Friend," and thought of a little prayer my mother taught me at home in Melbourne. We were all reported missing in the papers I have since been told. Trusting you are well. Yours faithfully,

TOM BURROWS,
Sergt 35 Co.,
Imperial Yeomanry,
South Africa.

TRAINING.—GEORGE MILLAR, OF Paisley, winner of several professional handicaps, is open to train pedestrians just now. Terms moderate. Also is open to box at concerts.

THE WORLD'S RECORD PIGEON Race.—The Alexandra Palace Homing Society flew a race from Aberdeen to London, 400 miles, with young homing pigeons. Mr. Henson, the convoyer, liberated at 6.20 a.m., on Tuesday, September 12. Mr. C. W. Mitchell, of Enfield Highway, timed in at 3.47 p.m., taking 9hr 27min to accomplish the journey; Mr. M. Evangelisti, second, 4.3 p.m.; Mr. Gregory, third, 4.22; and Mr. E. E. Barres, Wood Green, 5.12. This is a record for young bird flying. The age of the birds is four months. This race yet adds another record to the famous record-smashing club (the Alexandra Palace Homing Society) of the world.

SATURDAY FOOTBALL.—PLAY IN the various Association and Rugby football matches was watched by vast crowds, and some of the results occasioned surprise. On their own ground, before 30,000 spectators, Aston Villa were beaten by Everton, and the other winning teams in the First Division of the League competition were Sheffield United, Bury, Liverpool, Newcastle United, Notts County, Preston North End, and Notts Forest, the game between Sunderland and the Wolverhampton Wanderers ending in a draw.

TWICKENHAM REGATTA.—THIS amateur regatta attracted a large entry on Saturday, and was well attended. The open eights produced two heats and a final, the latter going to Smith, Millar, Fleming, Noke, Johnson, Greene, Carrall, and Connolly (stroke), Creswell (cox), from Collinson's crew by half a length. For the tub fours three crews competed, and C. S. Crampton's crew beat E. L. Tottenham's by a couple of lengths. There were five entries for the sculling handicap, which fell to K. Johnson (scratch), beating E. L. Tottenham (20sec) by three lengths. The final heat of the Double Sculling Skiff Race was won by A. E. Angier and H. B. Harrison, Mrs. Sherrif (cox).

A GRAND BILLIARD ENTERTAIN-ment will take place at The Fox, Southwark Bridge Road, on Thursday, September 27, 1900, between Mr. Triv. Dawson and F. W. Millbank (champion hand stroke player of the world), for handsome prize presented by H. Dawson, Esq. Play commences 8.30 sharp.

AQUATICS.—SURREY IRONWORKS Annual Skiff Race took place on Sunday morning, 16th inst., under the patronage of Messrs. Horatio Myer, L. Myer, R. Myer, W. Swaine, T. Wellerman, and the employés of the Surrey Ironworks. Dick Cox, of the Lambeth Rowing Club, officiated as umpire and starter. The distance was from Doulton's Dock to Westminster Bridge. There were five boats (three in a boat). The competitors started at 11.30 a.m. The following are the results, some of whom belong to the Jolly Boys' Club. Headquarters, John Bull, Tyer Street, Lambeth. Station No. 1 (red): H. Wellerman, J. Whiting (stroke), R. Gains (cox); No. 2 Station (blue): William Humphreys, Fred Marks (stroke); No. 3 Station (pink): George Carmody, Bill Darville (stroke); George Grace (cox); No. 4: H. Alldiss, Ted Gurney (stroke), Ben Hall (cox); No. 5: Bob Whiting, Tom Scott (stroke), Crabb (cox). A very grand race. E. Cubbin was hon. secretary. The affair was for valuable prizes. Other races will take place in the near future.

BLACK HORSE QUOIT GROUND, Lentz Green, Durham.—Match, seven a-side for a supper, between G. Short's team and P. F. Barrett's, all shots put together. Heat 1: D. Little, 21; Dick Elliott, 13. Heat 2: T. Surtees, 21; G. Overton, 5. Heat 3. G. Short (captain), 21; T. Burdis, 5. G. Short's team: D. Little, G. Short, C. Short, J. Short, R. Short, G. Overton, C. Clasper. Barrett's team: J. Elliott, D. Elliott, T. Surtees, F. Barrett (captain), T. Burdis, T. Coates, J. Robinson. High Open Quoit Handicap.—£1 added to all entrances of 1s in the quoit ground adjoining the Black Horse Inn, Barlow. J. Swinburne (16) beat J. Elliot (15); R. Short (13) beat J. Robinson (14); T. Leybourne (10) beat G. Overton (16); C. Short (15) beat Bilclough (10); T. Surtees (8) beat D. Bilclough (12). Handicapper, R. Wilson Barlow; bookkeeper, G. Short.

THE 220 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP of England.—Record beaten.—This event formed the tit-bit on the card of the Westminster Swimming Club's annual gala, decided at Aston Baths, Birmingham, on Monday. The building was packed in all parts. There were ten entrants, but only seven put in an appearance, the race being divided into two heats, of which the following is a return:—Heat 1: F. C. V. Lane, of Australia, first (time, 3min 7 1-5sec); J. H. Derbyshire, of Manchester, second (time, 3min 7 2-5sec); P. F. Barker, of Birmingham, third (time, 3min 13sec). The first and second, along with the fastest loser in each heat, qualified for the final, and neither Lane nor Derbyshire exerted themselves unduly. Heat 2: R. W. M'Cabe, Dublin University, first; F. B. Daniel, Aston, second. Won easily. Time, 3min 12 2-5sec. Final Heat: Lane and Derbyshire dead-heat for first place; M'Cabe, third. A grand race. Lane led by a yard after they had gone fifty yards, and when three-quarters of the distance had been completed the Australian was two yards in front. Here Derbyshire sprinted, and amid much enthusiasm the Manchester swimmer made a dead-heat of it. M'Cabe being twelve yards behind. The time was 2min 34 4-5sec. This beats the previous record of 2min 38 1-5sec put up by Lane at Brighton in this race twelve months ago. Standard certificates were given to all swimmers completing the distance inside 3min 15sec.

JOE PALMER TAKES HIS SECOND annual complimentary sports at Old Bow Running Grounds on Sundays, September 23 and 30, for which all the best talent have offered their services.

CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS. — AT the Crystal Palace cycle track on Saturday the N.C.U. championships produced excellent sport, and more than one record performance. A. L. Reed, Queen's C.C., won the mile race, A. S. Ingram and R. Janson, Polytechnic, secured the tandem event, while H. W. Payne, West Roads, won the fifty mile race, and took the title previously held by his brother, G. F.

SCULLING.—FOUR-OARED RACE for £50 from Limehouse to Blackwall.—A race that attracted a big crowd was that decided below London Bridge on September 16, between crews representing the Anglo-American Oil Company and the firm of Mr. R. Waters. The course was about four miles from Limehouse Pier to Blackwall Stairs. Mr. G. Russell officiated as starter and umpire, with Mr. A. Gill as distance judge. Two steamers followed the race, also the steam launch Shah, which carried the members of the respective firms, &c. The result was: Employés of Anglo-American Oil Company—A. Ralph (bow), A. Barnett, J. Sheen, R. Charles (stroke), and G. Shute (cox), 1; Employés of Mr. R. Waters—A Vincent (bow), E. Raser, C. Brown, C. Adams (stroke), and J. Young (cox), 2. Waters's men started favourites, but their opponents drew ahead opposite the West India Docks Pier, and off the Commercial Docks a length separated them. At the entrance to Millwall Docks Charles spurted, and soon placed a big gap between the crews. Approaching Greenwich Pier Adams tried to make up leeway, but the effort soon died away, and the Anglo-American crew, after leading at the Gasworks, Greenwich, by half a dozen lengths, eventually won by ten lengths, in the good time of 22min 25sec.

DEATH OF GEORGE SWANNEY.—This painstaking and respected old trainer died on Friday morning last at his residence, 20, Portland Cottages, Heman Street, Wandsworth Road. He will be best remembered as the trainer of "Pedlar" Palmer and Stanton Abbott, the former of whom may thank Swanney for most of his victories. Swanney's widow, with a baby in her arms, and also Swanney's mother called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE to inform us of the old trainer's death and, as she is left a widow, with eight children depending on her, to ask some of his old friends and acquaintances to assist her in her time of need. Swanney originally, as a boy, worked in a ginger beer manufactory, where through the bursting of a bottle he lost the sight of an eye. It is now nearly twenty years ago since Swanney used to appear in boxing competitions at Lambeth School-at-Arms, when that seminary was first opened for boxing by the late Jack Jones, a greengrocer, of Lambeth Walk. In the days of the Squire Swanney had some nice douceurs, but, like many more, he failed to take care of the "brass." Good old Swanney. You have made a good fight, but you have been *boxed* by that layer-out of all champions—the undertaker.

AN OFF-HANDED MATCH WAS made last Thursday week for W. Slater, of Bethnal Green, and Alf Pepper, of Walthamstow, to walk one mile level on Thursday, September 27, the stakes to be £5 a-side, and Mr. Thomas Leigh is stakeholder. The match arose when Pepper won the Tradesmen's Handicap, Slater saying what an easy thing it was, when Pepper offered to walk Slater for £5 a-side level. The match was made, and the money deposited with Mr. Leigh. After a deal of discussion it was agreed for THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee. The race takes place at the Hare and Hounds, Lea Bridge Road, and the men are to be on the mark at 5 p.m.

MUSIC HALL SPORTS CHARGE.—At Lambeth Police Court on Friday, Joseph Lawless, E. H. Williams, and R. Carderoy, all of Manchester, were committed for trial, charged with fraudulently obtaining silver-plated cadelabra, value £5. The prosecution alleged that Lawless wrongly represented himself as a violinist at the Tivoli Theatre, Manchester, in order to compete at the Music Hall Benevolent Fund Sports at Herne Hill on July 10, and that Williams and Carderoy, respectively musical director and stage-manager at the Tivoli, vouched for the truth of his statement.

TO MOUTH-ORGAN PLAYERS.—Owing to several challenges Richards and Jones, of Aberdare, are open to play a duet on the mouth organ with any two working lads in South Wales for £5 a-side, open to £10. MIRROR OF LIFE to be stakeholder and appoint adjudicator. Business only meant.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during September:—

SEPTEMBER 19.—At Jemmy Lowes' Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, Jem Lloyd v. Bob Wilson; also two special eight rounds contests.

SEPTEMBER 20.—At the Gymnastic Club, Stalybridge, George Corfield v. Billy Plimmer, twenty rounds; Freeman Martin v. Jack Lamb, six rounds; W. Owen v. J. Turner, ten rounds. Exhibition boxing: "Pedlar" Palmer v. Matt Palmer; Dick Burge v. Will Curley.

SEPTEMBER 22.—J. T. Hull's Boxing Tournament, Drill Hall, Woolwich.

SEPTEMBER 22.—At Wonderland, Archie Wright v. Jem Casey, fifteen rounds; Bill Dickinson v. Nat Keyser, ten rounds; Frank Gerald v. Walter Brooks, ten rounds.

SEPTEMBER 24.—Charlie Mannering's Grand Boxing Show at New Brompton Chatham.

SEPTEMBER 24.—At the Tee-To-Tum Club, Stamford Hill, Dick Parkes v. Bill Hutchinson, ten rounds; George Dunny v. Len Soden, eight rounds; Charlie Brown, v. Joe Scott, six rounds; Geo. Nash v. Bob Hanson, eight rounds; Bert Smith v. Bob Munn, eight rounds.

SEPTEMBER 29.—At West Hartlepool, Young Capstick v. "Dummy" Forrest, twenty rounds.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING.

HARD WORDS WERE MORE IN evidence than hard blows on Saturday evening at Wonderland. Just at the time when two international matches were promoted at THE MIRROR OF LIFE and the venue laid at Wonderland, the habitués of that place of amusement had their opportunity in showing that East-enders could be as well conducted, and East-end promoters as mindful of the welfare of their patrons on special evenings as the Corinthians of the West in more pretentious shows. For confusion worse confounded, big evenings and little evenings seem the same at Wonderland. You cannot evolve order out of chaos, for every person in an official position at Wonderland wishes to boss the show. Instead of one second, three seconds occupy the ring and defy the constituted authority. One of these seconds and the promoter who runs the show had a Billingsgate battle. Truly it was a battle of sulphuric words, but the only real battle of the show. When we say that the official element represented the major portion of the spectators. Seats might have been had at mackerel price, as it was very evident on Saturday evening that the patrons of fistiana in the East-end were, or rather have been, surfeited with the game, and that a little healthy competition had sprung up to affect it in Whitechapel. At all events there was a marked falling off in the attendance, the boxing was comparatively poor, and an equally poor attempt to maintain order and discipline was made; in fact, the most interesting feature of the "entertainment" was a wordy bout between the promoter, Mr. Joe Smith, and Chester, the lightweight pugilist. Fortunately, they did not get into the ring, but the language used was a great deal harder than the blows delivered in the several contests, with perhaps one exception, and that was when Abraham Hyde was counted out in the second round of his meeting with a compatriot in the person of Jem Casey, a clever two-handed boxer, who probably will later show to advantage in his class. The opening affair was rather tame, but that between two little boys, Casey and Wicks, was lively enough. It rather takes away from the dignity, if such there be, of boxing to parade two lads as these as about to take part in a "contest," but they apparently satisfied the promoters, the company present, and the very efficient and watchful M.C., Mr. Ben Harris.

The representative of the sporting newspaper arrived late, and went away early—in fact, when the show was half over—and going by them the entertainment was not a success. The number of persons present exceeded all previous Saturday nights, and the squabble mentioned was simply a few remarks that was only heard by those at the Press table. Owing to want of space only brief details can be given. Referees: Harry Wright and Bob Knott; timekeeper: Harry Wright; and Ben Harris M.C. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Schofield beat "Ginger" Elliott. — This bout was a repetition of previous contests between the pair, and first one and then the other led till the end, when the verdict went to Schofield. Six Rounds Contest: "Ginger" Casey beat J. Wicks.—This proved a very hard bout, give and take being the order, and to the conclusion it was the same. They could not be separated, and another round was ordered. This proved the best of the series, but Casey scored the faster, and the voice of Referee Wright said "Casey wins." Four Rounds Trial: Bert Adams and Bill Hill.—This proved as good as a contest, both lads being on their mettle, and they were recalled at the close. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Lewis beat W. Berks.—The last-named was the heavier, but after being sent all over the ring was sent to sleep in the opening round. Lewis was again selected to box, and contested six rounds with Jem Welsh. Lewis again had a disadvantage in weight, but setting himself going had all the best of the opening round. At the next meeting he demonstrated superiority by knocking his rival out about half-way through. Six Rounds Contest: Jem Casey beat Abe Hyde.—Hyde looked a giant at the side of his opponent, but Casey had the best of weight. The opening meeting was evenly contested, and towards the close Hyde was sent down, and the dose was repeated when he arose, and failing to rise Casey won. Six Rounds Contest: Bill Radley beat Joe Goodwin.—From start to finish this pair went, and at the close Radley gained the flat on points.

ON SATURDAY NEXT A SPECIAL show will take place at Wonderland, and the entertainment will consist of seven contests. The chief bouts will be between Archie Wright (Meat Market) and Jem Casey (St. Luke's). This will be fifteen rounds. Bill Dickenson (Finsbury) and Nat Keyser (Spitalfields); Frank Gerald (Kingsland) and Walter Brooks (Hoxton). These are ten rounds contests, and the others will be two eight rounds and two six rounds bouts.

THE FATE OF WONDERLAND.—IT IS understood that this popular resort, which has been looked upon as the headquarters of boxing in the East-end, and has been the scene of many very good encounters, has changed hands, and that a syndicate has been formed with the view of turning the building into a theatre. Since its inception some very good boxing contests have been held at Wonderland, and under various managements, even through the summer, the East-enders have given the place paying patronage. It is stated that the theatre will be run on up-to-date principles, and at popular prices, while the best possible companies will be booked. If this programme is adhered to, a good future may be anticipated for the house, which is centrally located, and very convenient to the railway. It goes without saying that the transit of the famous boxing headquarters to the arms of Thespis will create quite a blank amongst the short-haired fraternity of the East-end, but doubtless another building will be secured, and a continuation of the game may well be anticipated.

BOXING AT STOCKTON-ON-TEES —Last Monday evening Abe Hyde, of London, and Tom Stevenson, of Gateshead, met in a contest for £20 a-side. Hyde had been boxing in contests every week at Wonderland, and looked in the pink of condition, while his rival has been training in the vicinity. When they stood up it was seen that the Londoner was the taller, and, making the most of height and reach, took the lead. This continued till the fourth round, when Hyde with a right swing knocked his opponent out, and won. Andrew Wood officiated as referee. The Londoner's career would form interesting reading, having won close on twenty bouts during the season at the London resort. Week after week he has been successful in bouts of six to fifteen rounds, but only last Saturday was beaten in London. The matter was then talked about, it being said he did not want to exert himself, but it was simply a bit of exercise to keep fit. The betting in London on the battle ruled at 6 to 4 on Hyde.

JEMMY HOLLOWAY WOULD LIKE to box any amateur lad in Rockferry, Birkenhead, or New Brighton, at 9st 6lb, or Billy Thomas, of Bootle, if Professor Blackburn or Professor Vaughan will give a trophy worth training for.

BOB FITZSIMMONS ROBBED.

HIS OWN STORY.

NEW YORK, September 8.

To the EDITOR, MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—Now that I have retired from the ring for good, and hope never again to be compelled to pull on a glove for the money realised, I wish to make a statement to the public to the effect that during my career I have been robbed out of over 125,000dols in purses and managerial shares. From the moment I arrived in this country from Australia I certainly have been up against a stiff game, for when I wasn't swindled out of the purses I fought for I was being robbed out of the money I was entitled to by the different sleek managers I had looking after my interests. I can realise now how easily I was euchred out of my money, for I was such an easy-going fellow that everyone took advantage of me. Fight promoters and managers gave me whatever money they felt like and pocketed the rest. Before I had a manager I transacted my own business as well as I knew how. The match-makers of the different clubs which pulled off fights in this country were not slow in discovering that I was "easy," and on that account they just rubbed it into me for fair whenever I fought. One of the worst deals I ever got was from the officials of the Crescent Athletic Club of New Orleans. They matched me to fight Jem Hall, of Australia, and were so sure of drawing a big crowd that they offered us a purse of 40,000 dols. to battle for. I never for a moment mistrusted the officials, and as they were the most influential citizens of New Orleans I took a cheque from them for the amount of the purse. The fight, as far as the attendance was concerned, was a frost, and as none of the members were willing to make good the purse the result was that I was done out of my money. The only thing I got for my victory was the cheque they gave me. It wasn't worth 30 cents. After being swindled out of the money I fought many fights in rapid succession. Half the time I would get the money I was entitled to, while on other occasions I would get only a small amount of the purse. At the beginning of the year 1895 I started out on the road with a theatrical show, meeting all comers in four-round bouts. As this was my first experience in that line I, of course, was the easiest kind of a mark for the manager of the show, for as I was working on percentages, and did not know what the receipts of the show each week amounted to, I had to take the money they offered me. In December, 1896, I suffered my second big swindle. This happened in San Francisco during my fight with Tom Sharkey. I fought the sailor for a purse of 10,000dols., winner to take all. Well, I won fairly from Sharkey by knocking him out with a punch in the stomach, but the referee, Wyatt Earp, decided against me by declaring that I had fouled the sailor. In spite of the fact that we had the money tied up on an order from the courts I lost again, however, for another court decided that the referee's decision was final, and, of course, Sharkey got all of the purse. Once again I went on the road, and, like my previous experience at this game, I was "done" good and hard. My next sad experience occurred when I fought Jem Corbett at Carson City. I agreed to go into partnership with Dan Stuart, who pulled off the fight, as I thought I would make a lot of money out of this battle. Once again I got it in the neck, for as we lost money on the first two fights I was compelled to hand over to Stuart the purse of 15,000dols. I won, and also my side bet of 2,500dols., making 17,500dols altogether. As I was greatly in need of money after the fight I at once went out on the road again with my own company. The same hard luck stuck to me, which has followed me in almost all of my enterprises, for I had the misfortune to be swindled again by my manager. I don't care about stating who my managers were in all of these enterprises, for, although they robbed me right and left every chance they got, I don't care about letting the public speak harshly of them. After figuring up my losses I can safely say without fear of contradiction I have been swindled out of 125,000dols. In the matter of purses, I lost 80,000dols.; my managers got the rest. That is the reason I did my own business in the last four fights I have fought.

ROBERT J. FITZSIMMONS.

YOUNG CAPSTICK, OF NEW- castle, and "Dummy" Forest, of London, are matched to box twenty rounds for £25 a-side and a purse. They meet at 6st 12lb on Saturday, September 29, at West Hartlepool. Last winter and during the summer Forest has been meeting lads no matter what weight, and at times they went 10st. This will be the first time he will box at his own weight, 6st 10lb, and thinks success a certainty. THE MIRROR OF LIFE appoints timekeeper and referee.

DORAN TO BENTLEY OR LIDSTONE. —J. Doran has placed £5 in the hands of Mr. Baker, Tradesman's Arms, to make a match with Lidstone or Bentley—Bentley preferred—open from £5 to £25. First come first served. If challenge not taken up inside a week Doran will feel convinced that neither man wants to meet him.

TIM CALLAHAN CHALLENGES BEN JORDAN.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.
NEW YORK, September 7, 1900.

I hereby challenge Ben Jordan to fight Tim Callahan the best of twenty rounds for the National Club's purse at 122lb. If Jordan would not box Callahan while in America Callahan will come to England to box him. An early acceptance from Jordan is expected.

BILLY ROCHE
(Manager of Tim Callahan).

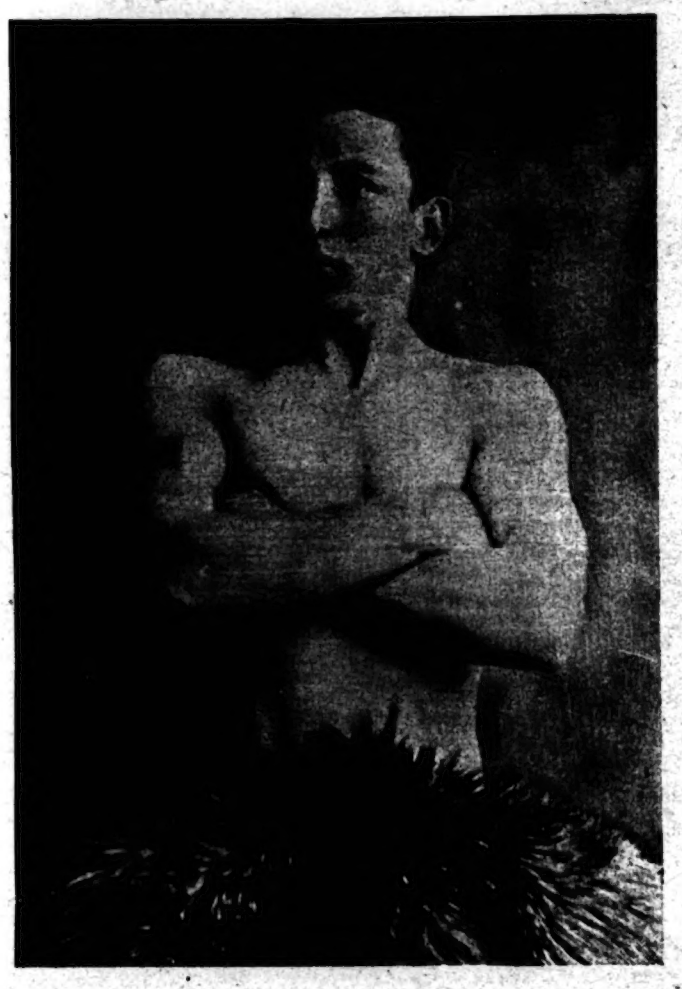
HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEW- castle.—Other attractions in the capital of the North never seem to detract from the popularity of the weekly entertainments provided each Saturday at the saloon attached to Mr. James Lowes's Hexham House Hotel, Forth Place, Newcastle. That the days are now shortening is amply evidenced by the great increase in the attendances at the above-named saloon. On Saturday evening last it was filled to repletion, and the crowd of spectators were appreciative in the extreme. In fact the programme elicited unbounded enthusiasm. To open the ball J. Johnson and W. Brown, two midgets who we have often before referred to as being clever, gave a very pleasing display, as they generally do, and following their exit came J. Bell and G. Connolly, who were the recipients of hearty manual encomiums for their exhibition, and a vigorous set-to was that between T. Johnson and R. Henderson, whilst that between Jack Jones and Jack Tait combined both science and hard hitting. The principal show of the evening was a six rounds contest between Harry Myers, of Edinburgh (who there is well known as a promoter of boxing) and R. Hardy, of Newcastle. They were a pair fairly well matched in weight, and both were in pretty good condition. When ordered to commence Myers quickly led off on the body, but a second charge by him was cleverly countered by Hardy. Myers, however, returned to the attack, and scored numerously before the call of time. In the second round Myers was again the aggressor, but at one time Hardy played the game with much success. At the end of the round, however, Myers had a deal the best of the game. Hardy started the third round in dashing style, and in a clinch Myers slipped. He, however, was quickly on his feet again, and forced the work to the end. The remainder of the rounds were also in favour of Myers, who gained the verdict; but it must be said of Hardy that he was game in the extreme. The winner was seconded by Dick Johnson and Jack Tait, and the loser by Tom O'Niell and J. Bell. Jack Palmer was referee, and Martin Nealis timekeeper.

THE "PONK" ANDREWS BENEFIT fund has proceeded apace, and a committee, with power to add to its number, has been formed. The first meeting was held last Monday, and Harry Harris, George Knowles, George Ellis, and Joe Smith elected as chairman, vice, treasurer, and secretary respectively. There were about 25 present, and after some earnest discussion as to the best way of helping the widow and children the meeting was adjourned till this evening (Wednesday). Several halls were commented upon, and most likely Shoreditch Town Hall will be the one selected. The following boxers have promised to assist, no matter where the benefit entertainment is held:—Charley McKeever, Dick Burge, "Pedlar" Palmer, Pat Daley, Tom Ireland, Jack Everhardt, Jack Scales, &c., besides scores of other champions, both amateur and professional. The entertainment will take the form of a concert, with boxing bouts between champions in between. The promised subscriptions amounted to £19 10s., while £5 5s. cash was received. The next meeting takes place to-night at Mr. Ellis's, The Nelson's Head, Horatio Street, Hackney Road.

THE CHAMPION BOXING CLUB.— The general meeting of the Lynn A.C., an offshoot of the once popular Royal Victor, one of the most popular and successful boxing institutions in the metropolitan area, was held at the Duke of Clarence, Manor Street, Walworth, last Thursday night, under the chairmanship of the president, Mr. Joe Cohen was reappointed president of the club. The vice-presidents appointed were: Messrs. A. Yates, G. Roberts, G. Carter, J. Chinn, H. Upton, F. Brink, E. Hayward, E. Clapshaw, W. J. Barber, Jesse Smith, J. Hammond, E. C. Mears, S. H. Baker, W. F. Grimmett, F. Wheeler, F. Salter, J. Johnson, H. Dawson, G. Chitty, D. Morgan, and F. Mead. As captain, Mr. E. Mann was re-elected; Messrs. R. K. Gunn and R. C. Warnes were again chosen as vice-captains; Messrs. F. Gunn and A. Sperry as hon. secretaries; and Messrs. J. H. Parke, W. Wright, E. Lathrope, W. Bateman, F. Fearman, T. Wilton, A. Wimpory, G. W. Humphries, and A. Vanderhout as members of the committee. Needless to say, the re-election of the two hon. secretaries gave great pleasure to the meeting. The delegates chosen to represent the club at meetings of the Amateur Boxing Association were; Messrs. Joseph Cohen, R. K. Gunn, and E. Mann. Dan Murphy was re-appointed as instructor.

J. SILVERTON WOULD LIKE TO box Bill Connor ten rounds at 8st 3lb, if any boxing promoter will give a purse.

(Continued on page 10.)



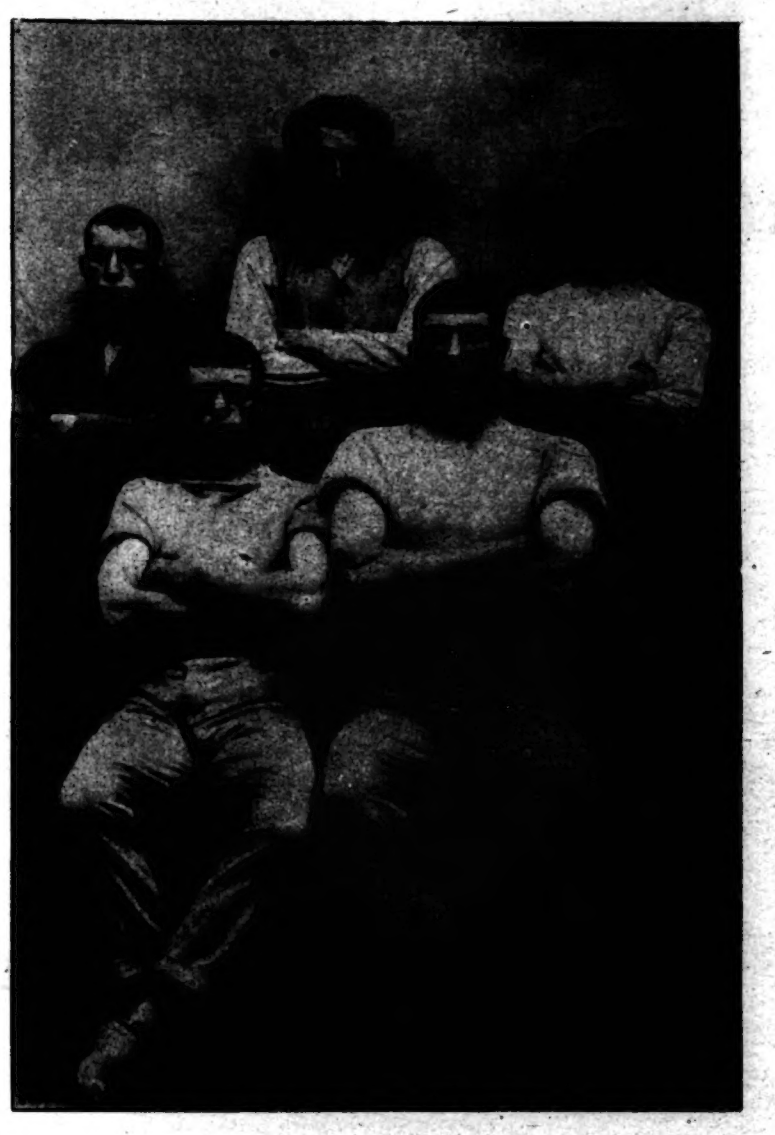
BERNARD JONES,
The Youthful Samson who can, With One Hand, Lift 170 lbs. Above His Head.

BRIDGET CLEANED THE WINDOW WITH THE PUP.
Carried Out her Master's Orders to the Letter

CAME IN TIME TO STOP THE CEREMONY.
The Wife Produced Her Marriage Lines.

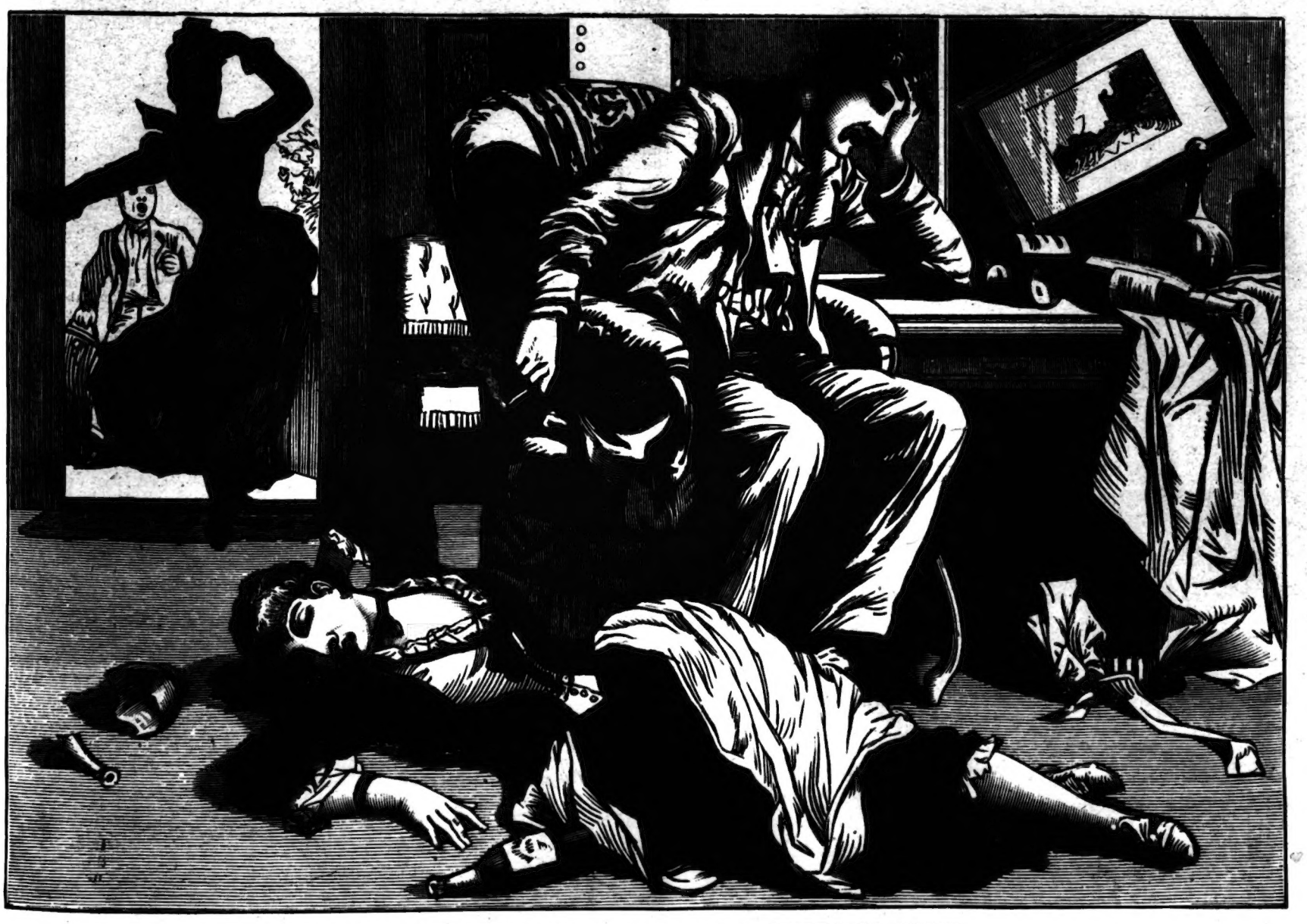
GEORGE COLIN CAMPBELL.

A Travelling Showman and all-round Athlete, who is Well-known in London and the Provinces.



BEN GRAY. BILLY BOLTON. DICK COOPER.
PETER BROWN. BEN TAYLOR.

ALF BALL'S STAFF OF BOXERS.



PAID DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW A SURPRISE VISIT.

Home a Desolation With a Woman in Drink.

(*Continued from Page 7.*)

BOXING AT WOOLWICH.

REOPENING OF THE DRILL HALL.

THE SEASON AT THE ABOVE-named resort has opened earlier than usual this year, when boxing promises to be a greater attraction than even its most ardent devotee could have predicted for it. The final bout last season was a contest between Dick Pepper (Canning Town) and Patsy Haley (Deptford). This was a battle that was well worth going 100 miles to see, and it is doubtful if these lads will ever box as well or as hard as they did on that occasion, and our representative, who acted as referee, gave the decision as a draw. On meeting some of the genuine lovers of the art last Saturday the topics of the times turned to the above fight, and the hope was put forward that the pair will contest again. The promoter of the entertainment, as most are aware, has been connected with sport for some years and knows that the only way to make boxing entertainments a success is to put lads together capable of extending each other. Consequently well tried performers are always certain of a job, and as they know that only triers are wanted good bouts always take place. It is not in the power of the most accomplished fistic professor to ensure the ability to take punishment, but all boxers know that the motto here is no fight—no pay. This bears fruit in the fact that everyone tries his utmost, as exponents of the art know that a fight is never won until the decision has been given, and that even in the last minute a knock-out can come off. Thus the public are always certain of witnessing tournaments worth seeing at the Drill Hall, and the crowd that comes from everywhere are always satisfied. Boxers like to reap the rewards of labour as well as know what they are working for, but good prices and always a bit extra for a fine bout causes the men to do their best. All that try know they are sure of another job, and it is a well-known fact that the best all-round boxing and hardest hitting take place at Woolwich in consequence. The same faces that are seen here every year were to be met with as one walked through the hall, besides a large number of new ones. Fine assemblies greeted the boxers during the winter, but the number present last Saturday exceeded all previous records. Mr. Eugene Corri officiated as referee, old Dave Isaacs as timekeeper, with the good old favourite, Jack Richards, as M.C. Details:—

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

ALF LEEPER beat FRED FAIRCHILD
(Canning Town) (Stratford).

The first-named is a very aggressive boxer, and this, coupled with the fact that he has been boxing throughout the summer at Wonderland, gave him a big advantage in condition. The forcing tactics adopted by the Canning Town youth soon gave evidence of superiority, and up to the fourth meeting matters were all in Leeper's favour. Fairchild began to attack, and as a feeler sent right and left on the frontispiece; but his opponent replied with a blow on the Darby Kelly. Give and take was the order, and gamely they fought, taking no heed of hard blows. In the seventh round both sent a right hook at the same moment, but Fairchild's was too round, and he slipped down from the effects of the punch. Fairchild made the last meeting interesting, but could never regain the lost ground, and the award went to Leeper.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

TOM KING beat NAT KEYSER.
(Aldgate) (Spitalfields).

The last named is the taller and has the benefit of height and reach, and he set a hot pace from start to finish of the opening round. King took every precaution to avoid Keyser's swings and paid attention to the body. Nat has a bad habit of hitting with the open glove, and should remember that besides there being no power behind the blows it is open for a referee to disqualify him. King made use of every opening, and scoring fast soon held a long lead, to which he slightly added in every round. It is only a repetition of battles between the pair, and it looked any odds on King till the end of the fifth meeting, when, going great guns, Keyser put a different complexion on the state of affairs, and began to wipe off arrears. King was serious enough now, and as the attack proceeded looked troubled. Up to the end Keyser tried, and had almost wiped off the back numbers when the end came. It was unfortunate for the Spitalfields youth, who was almost level when the decision was King.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

HARRY SLOUGH beat JOHNNY HUGHES
(Southwark) (Bloomsbury).

As soon as they had shook hands Hughes rushed at his opponent, and in windmill fashion kept swinging his hands, but generally got home on his opponent's body. Slough was the scientific boxer, but far too flash for the business. If he wishes to do head work, side-stepping, feints, swings, &c., he should do it when engaging in an exhibition match, not in a contest. From the first to the sixth round Slough took matters rather easy, and till the sixth round Hughes was in the van. Slough now began to draw up, and drew level before they started the final round. This was hotly contested, but Slough was the better man, and won.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

ANGUS GRIFFO beat CHARLEY RYDER
(America) (Hoxton).

As soon as they shook hands Griffo let fly both hands on the dial before Ryder had gone a foot, and putting a lot of steam behind his machine-like deliveries, had Ryder guessing at matters when time was called. The fierce fighting that the black indulged in seemed fit for the prize ring, as without any science he bustled the heavier man round the ring. Ryder was by far the better boxer, but his opponent's fierceness was appreciated by the crowd, who always like a fight, and whose sympathies are always with the lighter man. The end of the third round saw Ryder on the ground unable to rise, and it was only the call of time that gave him a further opportunity of winning. But it was only to finally go out from a swing round the lower part of the head, and the black was the winner. He thereupon went up to the Hoxtonian and kissed him. Ryder did not appreciate the kindness, and it should be discontinued, as it pleases neither the boxers nor the audience.

THREE ROUNDS DISPLAY.

CHARLEY MCKEEVER v. DICK JORDAN
(America) (Woolwich).

The Yankee is matched with "Dido" Plumb at the N.S.C. for £550, and this was his first appearance in England as a boxer. A fine, well-made young fellow, McKeever seems at the first glance somewhat small for a middle-weight about the shoulders. As regards his ability, the bout leaves us as much in the dark as ever. Jordan was not in condition, and, even had he not been fat, could not have made the American move a peg. However, it was seen that the Yank fully knows his business, and without exerting himself the least held his own and took no liberties. Evidently he is clever, but it remains to be seen how he fights with "Dido," as, though evincing superiority over his opponent, he will find at the N.S.C. a different customer.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BOB FORD beat ARTHUR WILLOUGHBY
(H.M.S. Gleaner) (Hounslow).

Mortimer was on the programme to meet the Hounslow representative, but did not turn up, and Ford was substituted for him. The two lads met last season here, and Arthur broke his hand and could not go on. This meeting decided who was the best man, as, despite all his endeavours, Willoughby could not go the pace the heavier man set. After a fine battle Ford, who was always in front, was returned the winner.

Jem Skinner, who won the middle-weight championship of the Army and Navy at Aldershot, was introduced, and with his messmates and friends present received a tremendous ovation.

George Gardiner, who recently beat Craig, was also introduced, and was well received. Gardiner and Jack Scales have been engaged to box at the next entertainment.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

BILL PINCOMBE beat "CURLEY" WOOD
(Paddington) (Woolwich).

The last-named was the taller, but Bill understands every point in the business, and taking matters easily held the lead by the third round. He forced the exchanges during the next meeting, and as there was no possible chance of Wood winning the bout was stopped. Fred Denny, George Richards, Bill Hudson, and George Firmin were in their old positions in the corners.

FOUR ROUNDS TRIAL.

DICK PEPPER and BILL TELFORD
(Canning Town) (Bloomsbury).

A scientific bout took place between this pair of well-tried boxers, the art of hit, stop, and get away being fully demonstrated. To the finish they went, and then had to reappear to receive the ovations of the public.

BOXING IN INDIA.—DRIVER SMITH writes from Dalhousie, India:—"We had an assault-at-arms in the theatre on the 16th and 17th of August, when some good lads showed up, and in good form. First came Donagh v. Beresford, 6rds, for a purse, Donagh winning in the 6th round. Next came Dan O'Connor v. Gunner Steed, R.A., a busy go. Steed won. "Mog" Ryan and Gunner Kitcheman were also billed for 6rds, and they completely satisfied the audience, Ryan winning. This was interspersed with variety, etc., and the wind-up to the evening's entertainment was a 15rds contest for Rs.100 between Ned Edwards, East Lancashire, v. Driver Ted Smith; a rattling go, busy all the journey, Smith winning in the fifteenth round. Next evening was passed away with exhibition boxing and variety. Wind up between "Darkie" Lovridge v. Fred Hughes, of the O.L.T. Lovridge won in the sixth round; everybody satisfied and the best of order."

BILL PIKE ACCEPTS THE PURSE offered by the New Goodwin Club to box Jem Sweeney on their second entertainment in October next.

PATSEY SWEENEY CHALLENGES JOHNNY HUGHES FOR £100 A-SIDE.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

I notice in the issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE of August 22 that Johnny Hughes will box any man in the world at 9st 12lb. On behalf of Patsey Sweeney I will accept his challenge at the above weight, although Sweeney can box easily at 9st 7lb. I will make the match with Hughes at £100 a-side at 9st 12lb, weigh at three o'clock day of contest. Enclosed please find certified cheque for £50, as a first deposit, the balance to be posted at Hughes's convenience.

JOHN A. MACK, Manager,
Patsey Sweeney.

PROF. CULLIS'S SHOW AT WEDNESBURY.

ON WEDNESDAY LAST PROF. H. Cullis's boxing saloon was packed, when the attraction comprised an Open Competition for Novices, about 8st 6lb. Numerous entries were received, but eight lads were selected, and the result was some grand sport, although the ultimate winner, C. Rafferty (Walsall) showed marked superiority all through. Details.—First series: C. Rafferty (Walsall) beat J. Wood (Wednesbury) after boxing 1 min 10 sec; J. Mason (Wednesbury) beat J. Farnell (Wednesbury) in the second round, the referee stopping the bout; J. Brookes (Wednesbury) beat Low (Wednesbury), the latter being knocked out half-way through the second round; P. Stanley (West Bromwich) beat W. Thompson (Wednesbury) in the second round. In the second series, C. Rafferty beat J. Mason, after boxing a little over a minute, and P. Stanley beat J. Brookes, after boxing a minute and a half. Final bout: C. Rafferty beat P. Stanley. The pair were well matched, and a good contest was looked forward to. Rafferty was the aggressor, and drove his left several times into Stanley's face, the latter's counters being short. Continuing to force the pace, Rafferty finally drove his right hard on the mark, and Stanley fell on his face. He struggled gamely, but was unable to rise until assisted, the round having only lasted a minute. Details.—First Round: Charley Rafferty (Walsall) beat Jim Wood (Wednesbury).—Rafferty was the lighter of the twain, but he assumed the aggressive, and quickly had his opponent in difficulties. Then steadying himself, he knocked Wood out, after boxing a minute and ten seconds. J. Mason (Wednesbury) beat Jim Farnell (Wednesbury).—The pair were short and sturdy, and on facing each other put discretion to the winds and banged away with both hands for all they were worth. Halfway through the second round Farnell showed signs of having had enough, and the referee stopped the contest, and gave Mason the verdict. J. Brookes (Wednesbury) beat Low (Wednesbury).—Low was the smaller, but he flew at Brookes like a cat, and drove him all over the ring with some good left-handers, but he soon tired, and half-way through the second round he was laid low on his belly, where he stopped till he was counted out. Percy Stanley (West Bromwich) beat W. Thompson (Wednesbury).—Thompson was the taller, but Stanley shaped well, and hooked his left many times at Thompson's jaw. The latter tried hard, but Stanley met him on every point. Adopting similar tactics in the second round he soon had Thompson in difficulties, and the referee finally ordered the latter to his corner, and gave Stanley the verdict. Second Round: Charley Rafferty beat J. Mason.—Rafferty stood well over his opponent, and again assuming the offensive, fairly smothered Mason, the latter being glad to quit ere a minute had elapsed. Percy Stanley beat J. Brookes.—This bout was also of a short duration. Stanley used his left to advantage with an occasional right-hander, and soon had Brookes in trouble. Finally, he put him to sleep after boxing a minute and a half. Final Bout: Charley Rafferty (Walsall) beat Percy Stanley (West Bromwich).—The pair were well matched, and a good contest was anticipated, so plenty of excitement prevailed when the pair faced each other. The Walsallite, however, as usual, adopted his forcing tactics. He landed four times in succession with his left, Stanley being short, and he gave way before Rafferty, who, following him up, drove the right hard on the mark, and Stanley fell forward on his face, and remained down till assisted up, the round having lasted only a minute. The sudden termination came as a surprise, but Rafferty is a novice who possesses heavy punching abilities.

BOB WILSON AND JEM LLOYD, for £35.—This (Wednesday) evening Bob Wilson, of Newcastle, and Jem Lloyd, of South Shields, meet at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, to box the best of fifteen rounds at 8st 10lb (give or take 2lb) for £20 and a purse of £15, given by Mr. James Lowes. The match, locally, is creating a great deal of interest, and as both lads have been in active training an excellent struggle is certain to be witnessed.

JAMES J. CORBETT ARRIVES IN LONDON.

JEM CORBETT HAS NOT DE-scended on these shores with all the pomp and circumstance of war which characterised his first appearance in this country when he appeared upon the historic stage of Drury Lane—the first boxer in the history of the theatre to do so—in the character of "Gentleman Jack," a piece written evidently with the idea to show that a pugilist could be a gentleman. Six years have elapsed since this, and lots have happened in six years. Jem Corbett is no longer the undefeated champion. He has been beaten by a man whom he affected greatly to despise, Fitzsimmons, and he has also been defeated by the new champion star who has arisen since the visit of Jem Corbett to this country. Corbett arrives in this country like a thunderbolt. There is no agent in advance to herald his coming. Before we are aware of his presence, except by a vague telegram, Jem has arrived once more among us, and is now settled down at the Hotel Cecil. Six years ago Jem Corbett was wishful to meet Fitzsimmons at the N.S.C., and a match could not be arranged, and we hardly think a match will be arranged now that Corbett classes himself among the three great pugilists of the earth who have equal claims to contest for the world's championship—Jem Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, and last, but not least, Jem Jeffries.

Jem Corbett likes to be interviewed. Jem says: "I am always at home to the Pressman"—and so he is. Arrayed in faultless attire (dress suits appear now to be fashionable among the champions of the Fancy) Jem Corbett receives his visitors at the Hotel Cecil, and enunciates his opinion concerning American fighters. Terry McGovern is Corbett's special admiration; and like Chatterton, the poet, who committed suicide at nineteen, Jem considers Terry McGovern "The Wondrous Boy No. 2." What are Jem Corbett's ideas in the near future will shortly be evolved.

ON OCTOBER 8 MR. HARRY Westbrook opens the Lecture Hall, High Street, Deptford, with a heavy-weight competition open to all the Southern League footballers, eight of whom will be drawn for in the ring. All competitors to send their fee of 5s to bind application, which will be returned on the night of competition, for a 15-guinea gold and silver belt presented by Wilson Bown Esq., a well-known shipping butcher of Millwall; and a gold-centre medal presented by E. Smith, Esq., of the Blue Posts Tavern, West India Dock Road, Poplar. Application can be made to Harry Westbrook, 103, West India Dock Road.

NEW TRAINING QUARTERS.—Batchworth Heath, near Rickmansworth, has been, under the direction of Frank Gale and Joe Smith, fitted up as a gymnasium and training ground. Situated in Hertfordshire, about sixteen miles from Marble Arch, it is very near to town. The nearest railway station is Northwood, and the third return is 1s 6d. All applications about terms can be had of F. W. Gale, the proprietor, or Joe Smith, Queen Victoria, Barnet Grove.

HEARING SO MUCH TALK ABOUT the boxing in the Mediterranean, Corfe, A.B. (alias Tablo), of H.M.S. Theseus, the only man that holds the light-weight championship of the Mediterranean, is willing to box any man in the Mediterranean from 10st 3lb to 10st 6lb, Neil or Hackshaw preferred; and Corfe is surprised at Neil styling himself champion light-weight. Corfe beat Neil in four rounds at the Circus for the title, after Neil beating Henderson for the title. Corfe can be backed from £10 upwards. If any of these paper fighters want a real fight an answer through this paper, or a note on board to Corfe, a match can be ratified, with Corfe, the light-weight champion of the Mediterranean.

"DICK BURGE HAS RETIRED FROM THE RING."

The writer is inspired
Who writes Burge has retired.
Why with such news us bore?
Dick's done the same before.

MR. BERT A. DORMAN WISHES TO thank Professor Chapman, of the Queen's Arms, Owen Owen, and Bert Guest for the many courtesies extended to him while at Bolton.

ALF LEEPER TO BILL PIKE.—A. L. can be matched to box P ke for from £10 a-side upwards, to box 8st 6lb, fifteen or twenty rounds, and the best purse offered. All he has to do is to lay a deposit at THE MIRROR OF LIFE which will ensure a match.

DIXON MADE 97,000 DOLS.

NOW HE'S PENNILESS.

THE LITTLE COLOURED WONDER TELLS THE STORY OF HIS CAREER.

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT the public is interested in my career and as to how much money I have made and squandered during the years I have been fighting, but I will try to write a story of my career.

To begin with, I have been fighting fourteen years next September. I have fought for big and small purses during that time, and as I have also been on the road with theatrical companies for over four years I think I can safely say that I have made for myself about $97,000.

When I say that I made that much money I'm not lying, for the money came very fast to me, but, being a careless fellow, squandered it just as fast, so that at the present time out of all that money I only have a few hundred dollars and a house in Boston for which I paid $6,000.

I lost my money by gambling, playing the races, leading a fast life, and by lending my money to friends.

When I think of how much money I went through it gives me chills.

How much money my manager has made out of my fighting I don't care to state.

At one time I had $30,000 in bank; that was when I was a good living boy; but I fell from grace like John L. Sullivan and all the others, and when once I got started on that road my money slipped away from me very quickly. I was a good fellow, I guess, with my money, but, as all good fellows generally see a day when they need a dollar, I certainly have already seen that time very often.

If I had my life over again, I bet I wouldn't spend my money as recklessly as I did. I would be as great a saver as Terry McGovern. I hope McGovern won't get as careless as I was, for we have to fight too hard to get rich.

My first big winnings out of a fight was my second battle with poor Cal McCarthy, who is dead now. I got $5,000 for beating him in Troy. The first fight we had I made $1,000, making $6,000 altogether.

In my fight with Eddie Pierce at Coney Island I got $23,000; for that with Jack Skelly I received $17,500; with Fred Johnson, the Englishman, at Coney Island, I got $14,000, and with Solly Smith at the Island I was handed over $8,000.

Those were my largest winnings. The other fights which I have had and which brought me in plenty of money were with Abe Willis, the Australian, for defeating whom I got $5,000; Nunc Wallace in England, $2,500; Johnny Murphy twice, $6,000; three fights with Young Griffo, over $12,000. My fights with Dal Hawkins and Solly Smith in San Francisco netted me over $5,000, while my two battles with Terry McGovern, one in this city and the other in Chicago, gave me over $4,500.

I have been on the road for over four years, and as there was plenty of money in the theatrical business at that time we never got less than $400 a week for our share after all expenses were paid.

After figuring up at a rough estimate how much money I realised out of the show business I think I can safely say that I got for my share over $15,000.

I have fought many other battles for which I have received anything from $500 up to $4,500. In placing my winnings at $97,000 I think I have struck the right figure.

GEORGE DIXON.

"DIDO" PLUMB GOES INTO TRAINING.

"Dido" Plumb left the Stack Rock, of which he is part proprietor, with Mr. Patterson on Sunday to train at his old quarters, the Gloucester Arms, Southsea, proprietored by Mr. Hatchett. Johnny Hughes is superintending his training. "Toff" Wall is chief butler at the Stack Rock during "Dido" Plumb's absence.

A PUGILISTIC FAMILY.—THE TOWN where Dick Burge was born, and which also gave the ring one of the finest natural fighters—Jem Edwards—who ever breathed, has also given to the world the Eager family, who are as *eager* concerning pugilism as any other family in the United Kingdom. Old Eager with his two sons called up at THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Thursday, where he inspected our gallery of celebrities, many of whom he had known in the good old days of the Prize-ring. Old Eager could once on a time "put 'em up" more than a bit himself, and his eldest son has had some gruelling bouts in the old and new country, having once upon a time a beat-up with the all-conquering Fitzsimmons.

JACK MILBURN, OF GATESHEAD, not being satisfied with his defeat by Alf Wright, of Plymouth, will box him at 8st 12lb, give or take 2lb, for £50 or £100 a-side.

JOE NOLAN, OF BIRMINGHAM, AND JEM ANDREWS OF HOUNSLOW.

JOE NOLAN, OF BIRMINGHAM, reminds us of that "Little Joe" who was never defeated. Years ago Joe Nolan the First was brought up to ring Bill Richardson, of the Blue Anchor, and introduced to his majesty of East-end boxing. Little Joe in his Eton collar (collars were seldom used by fighting men in the days of old; it was usually "the stook around the squeeze"—handkerchief round the neck) looked so boyish that Richardson said to "Colonel" Keenan, who introduced him (throwing down a sov.), "send the boy home to his mother." Years afterwards Bill Richardson acknowledged that there never was a finer or more natural fighter than Young Joe ever turned out of Birmingham. Bill Richardson, in our presence, used to say to Jack Hicks, "Who was your downfall, Jack?" and Jack used to reply "I wish the blanker had never been born." (Joe Nolan beat Jack Hicks twice.) Early on Thursday morning a prize fight was successfully brought off on the outskirts of Birmingham, the contestants being Joe Nolan, of Birmingham, and Jem Andrews, of Hounslow. The battle was for a wager of £20 a-side. The affair was kept particularly quiet, and the proceedings were carried through without any interference whatever. Both men appeared equally matched, but Nolan from the start forced the business, and in the fifth round he knocked Andrews out with a right-hander on the jaw. The contest was short but very brisk while it lasted.

THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING letter from South Africa is from J. Vaughan, brother to "Punch" Vaughan, of Liverpool:—

Vredefest, Orange River State,
South Africa, August 16, 1900.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You may not remember me, but I think you know my brother, "Punch" Vaughan, of the Malakoff Boxing Club, Liverpool. No doubt it may be of interest to you to hear from this part of the world. We are now playing "cat's paw" with Christian De Wet, whom we have nicely surrounded after a good many attempts. He has led us some nice dances, but at last we have cornered him, and ere long expect to have him a prisoner by making him surrender without further bloodshed. On entering this town we managed to find our way into a tobacco manufactory. It would have done you good to have seen the way our fellows fell upon huge bags of it and distributed it amongst their pals. Many of us had not had a smoke for weeks, and this lot came in very acceptable. Our commanders pay no attention to seeing that we have a bit of tobacco now and then. Many of us would sooner go without food than our smoke, and on these terribly cold nights and mornings it is a God-send to a man. Little care or thought is given over the men's comforts in these small matters. I believe that Lachie Thompson, of Glasgow, has joined Kitchener's Horse. There are a lot of the Cape boxers also in Roberts's and Kitchener's Horse. I have not as yet met any of them.

Please remember me to brother George and "Punch," as I have not had a letter from either of them. Of course you know my other brother is out here, but so far I have not met him. I think he is in Johannesburg. You will remember him by the name of Young Vaughan, of Liverpool.—I remain, Yours respectfully,

J. VAUGHAN
(13 Section Pom-Pom,
South Africa).

A NEW BOXING CLUB FOR LONDON —Some time since the old theatre in the Tottenham Court Road, known in its earlier days as the Queen's and the "Royal Dusthole," where Tom Cribb's parlours innumerable have been held, was seriously thought of as an admirable pitch for boxing entertainments. A company was said to be forming to carry out this laudable object. From the following anything would be better than the picture drawn:—"There is no more hideous eyesore than the abandoned Prince of Wales's Theatre, previously the Queen's, off the Tottenham Court Road, to which the Bancrofts once drew the rank and fashion of London. Grimy and dilapidated, uncared-for, and utilised by whoever pleases as a dead wall for placards, it is a grim reminder of the vicissitudes of the theatrical world. It requires a strong effort of the imagination to realise that this deserted playhouse was the birthplace of the Robertsonian comedies, and the foundation of the fortunes of the Bancrofts."

CHARLEY MANNERING WILL OPEN his Boxing Show at New Brompton, Chatham, on September 24. Charley is a well-known and enthusiastic promoter of boxing, and intends giving a silver enamel belt, weighing 8oz, and value 10gs. This will be put up for amateurs at 9st. The contests will be brought off on two evenings, the final taking place on the 23rd of the following month. The runner-up will receive a good prize. THE MIRROR OF LIFE will appoint referee and timekeeper.

TOM CROALL, IN ANSWER TO Charles Glen, of Coatbridge, says he is now at Middlesbrough, and will box Glen twelve rounds at 9st 8lb, give or take 2lb, but Glen will have to come to England if he wants a purse, as boxing is not allowed in Glasgow.

A. KING, OF PORTOBELLO, IS willing to fight W. Porteous, of Edinburgh, any number of rounds for £5 a-side and best purse offered. An early answer will oblige.

GEORGE McFADDEN CHALLENGES JOHNNY HUGHES.

NEW YORK, September 7, 1900.

To the EDITOR of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Noticing in THE MIRROR OF LIFE a challenge of Johnny Hughes to the world at 133lb, I have this day deposited in the hands of Doctor Ordway, the American representative of the National Sporting Club of London, the sum of 250dols, as first deposit in acceptance of Hughes's challenge. George McFadden is the champion light-weight of America, and will accept the terms of Hughes's challenge; to weigh 133lb at 3 o'clock on day of the contest (although he can easily box at 133lb), for the National Club's purse. Whatever Hughes will accept McFadden will, and will agree to box him for 500dols or 1,000dols a-side, as will suit Hughes, and also agree on THE MIRROR OF LIFE as stakeholder, or the National Sporting Club. Hoping to hear from Johnny Hughes through THE MIRROR OF LIFE,

BILLY ROCHE,
Manager of George McFadden.

"OUR JOE" (JOE SCANNELL) MAKES A GOOD FIGHT WITH FRASER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BARNEY SCANNELL, IN HIS strong get up, looks like an elder brother instead of father to his sons, Barney and Joe. Joe, who backed coals, emptied barges, and did anything in the shape of hard graft, was a champion knuckle fighter for his weight, and living near the forest (Epping) often had an up and a downer on the grass, from which engagement Master Joe usually emerged as champion. It was rather a surprise to us to learn that Master Joe was at the front, and more of a surprise to learn that Joe had tackled another private—Fraser—at Bloemfontein, as long ago as July 28. "Our Joe" belongs to the 3rd Buffs, whilst Fraser belongs to the Highland Light Infantry. "Our Joe" owes his defeat when victory was well within his grasp to his eagerness to finish Fraser off. Had Joe kept away instead of rushing his man, being the most scientific, he must eventually have won; but rushing at his opponent when victory was almost assured and upsetting himself in his eagerness caused the fall of poor Joe of the Buffs. Details:—Round 1. After some sparring Scannell landed a clean body punch. Fraser smiled, and rushed at Scannell, but the latter slipped the blows and countered Fraser heavily, knocking him clean off his feet. Rounds 2, 3, 4, 5. In these rounds Scannell was all over his man. Fraser, however, countered heavily at times. Some of the Yeomanry contingent present offered odds of 2 and 3 to 1 on Scannell. Round 6. Fraser came up fresh and well, and Scannell played light for a time. Ultimately Fraser landed a swinging punch on Scannell's jaw, which knocked him down, and he lay for six or seven seconds. On scrambling to his feet he appeared a bit groggy, and time came as a welcome relief to him. Fraser had all the best of this round. Round 7. Scannell fairly surprised the spectators by the way he set to work. With the administration of sharp upper-cuts, and heavy body punches he made his opponent wince. Then turning on his heels delivered the La Blanche hit, which completely staggered Fraser. On "Time!" being called 4 to 1 was offered on Scannell. Rounds 8 to 20. These rounds were all in favour of Scannell. Just as corners were called, though, Fraser had Scannell down. Rounds 21, 22, 23. All in favour of Fraser. Scannell did not appear able to pull himself together, whilst Fraser looked as strong as when he started. Rounds 24 to 30. Scannell came up cautiously, and endeavoured to tire Fraser out. Nothing to choose between them at the end of the round. Rounds 30 to 56. Both came up all the better for their spell of rest. Scannell commenced to force the fighting, and had his man down some eight or nine times with swinging right-hand punches on the jaw and body. Fraser, however, stuck to his work like glue, and continued the fight as game as a pebble. He, however, was covered with ruby, and exhibited many bruises. Scannell now laid £10 to £5 on himself. Round 57, and last. Scannell looked full of confidence, and twice knocked Fraser off his feet. He was ordered to stand back. Fraser rose, when Scannell rushed at him, but, missing his blow, stumbled and fell. The latter was down for some four seconds, and rose very weak. On perceiving this Fraser's seconds shouted to him to "Go in!"—and go in he did. Scannell essayed the La Blanche hit, but missed. On the other hand, Fraser landed a slinging punch on Scannell's throat which knocked him clean out for some seven minutes. The verdict went to Fraser. Scannell was very dissatisfied with the result, but £13 was collected for him, Fraser giving him £8.

BILL PIKE TO ALF LEEPER.—PIKE would be pleased to box Leeper twenty rounds at 8st 6lb for the N.S.C. or New Goodwin Club purse, and will guarantee a side bet of £25 at the ring side, and will meet him at any time by appointment to sign articles.

BOXING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

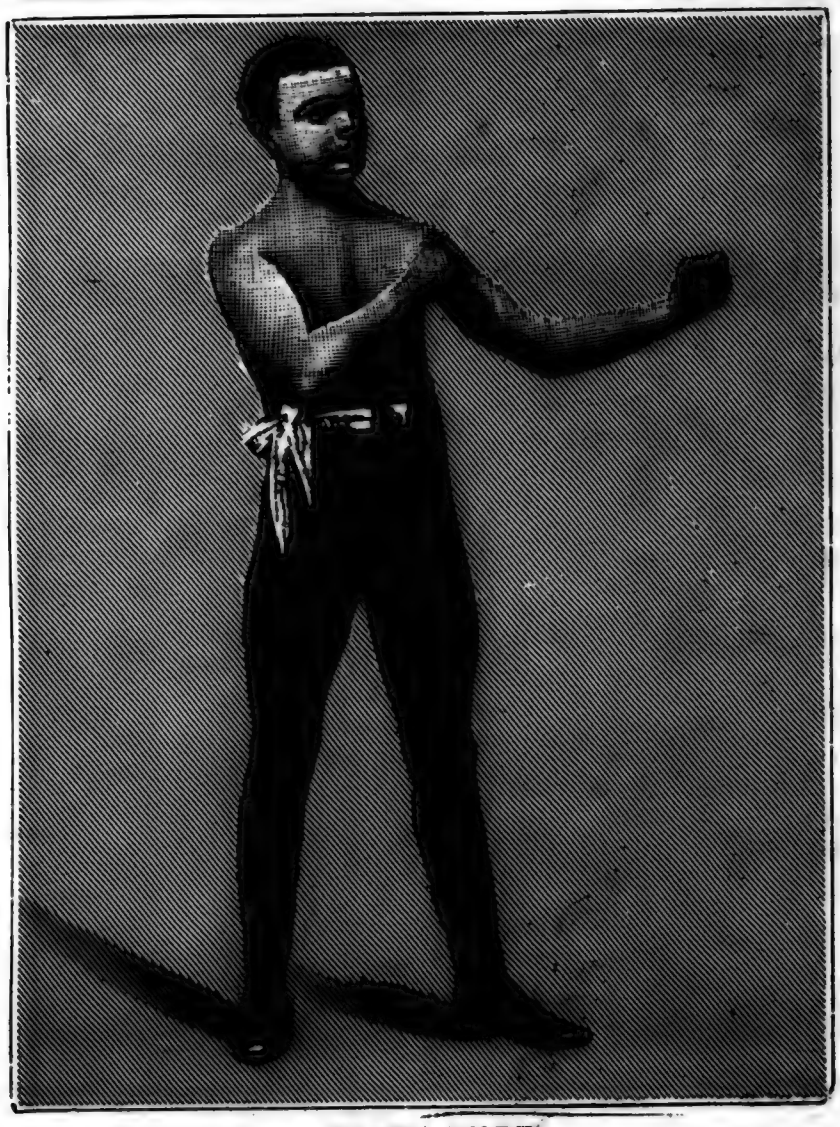
DANDO'S HALL IN STEVENSON Street, formerly known as the German Club, was crowded to suffocation by local sportsmen, all of whom were anxious to see the 20 rounds glove contest for £50 a-side between Ned Starkey, feather-weight champion of South Africa, and Dave Fitch. Mr. Gerald acted as referee, Mr. M. Ries as ten-seconds check, and Mr. Hyman as time-keeper. Starkey was the first to enter the ring, being attended by Alec Currie, of Birkenhead, and Fred Jorgensen, of Johannesburg. He was loudly applauded, and looked a veritable pocket Hercules. His weight was announced as 8st 7½lb. Fitch followed close on his heels, and in his corner were Henry Haines and George Wallace, both of Johannesburg. He also looked in first-class condition, and came in for as much applause as his opponent. His weight was given at 9st 2lb. From the start Fitch displayed excellent ring generalship, taking the centre of the ring. Starkey was very cautious, and his opponent, who was considerably taller, did not seem inclined to force matters. Starkey was the first to land, a right hand jab over the heart being the blow. The men clinched and broke away when ordered, but repeated the performance just afterwards to avoid punishment. Time was called with honours even. Round 2. Starkey made for his opponent at once, but Fitch was on the alert, and the little man was applauded for ducking cleverly. Fitch then essayed a vicious upper cut, which went wide, and both men were going strong. The big man did all the leading, but Starkey was too quick, and avoided any punishment. It was still anybody's fight, but Starkey's backers were offering 6 to 4 on him, with no takers. The round ended slightly in favour of Fitch on points. Round 3. Fitch was the first to score, getting in a nasty one on the chest, another on the neck, just too low for the point, and a third on the face, but Starkey came up smiling every time. Both men then sparred cautiously, waiting for openings, and though Fitch had scored on points, he was blowing like a porpoise. Starkey seemed remarkably cool, and landed on Fitch's heart. The big man replied with two body blows, but without effect, while every blow of Starkey's seemed to tell. The round ended with Fitch still to the fore on points. Round 4. Both men started to mix matters up, and Starkey was applauded for eluding a vicious right-hander. It was the best round up to this point, and Starkey pulled back several points by landing heavily over the heart twice and then on the body without getting any return. Round 5. Starkey landed well on the ribs, and again on the heart as soon as the round started. Fitch then woke up, and three times in succession found his way through Starkey's guard to his face and chest. He then got his man on the ropes, and punished him severely, but Starkey took all he could get and occasionally landed in return. It was Fitch's round. Round 6. Fitch got in a nasty one on the ribs and forced the pace. It was a good round, both men fighting very fast, and with plenty of science. Fitch again landed on the ribs and jaw, his reach helping him considerably, and it was again his round. Round 7. Starkey tried to force matters, but found Fitch's right blocking him every time. He then clinched, and on breaking away a foul was claimed against him for striking Fitch, but the referee rightly disallowed it. It was certainly Fitch's round, Starkey taking a great deal of punishment, and except for an occasional body blow giving but little in return. Round 8. Both men came up smiling, though Fitch was still panting. Vicious in-fighting was the order from the start, and it was clear that something was going to happen. Fitch was the first to land on Starkey's neck, and the little man responded with a right hand blow on the heart, followed by one on the jaw with the same hand. Fitch went down on his right hand side and was counted out.

"PEDLAR" PALMER v. HARRY Ware. — On Monday, November 12, "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware will again try conclusions at the National Sporting Club. On the last occasion the pair went to scale at 8st 2lb, but on the next meeting they will meet at the bantam limit, 8st 4lb. Whether the extra 2lb will favour Palmer or Ware remains to be seen, but a stout and scientific encounter is sure to be seen between two such clever exponents of the game.

FRANK EXALL TO FREEMAN, EX-Amateur, and late of the Lynn B.C.—Frank Exall, seeing that Freeman wants to try his hand on some boxer of inferior class before meeting a champion like Joe Williams, of Rotherham, will box Freeman for £25 a-side and the N.S.C. purse.

FRANK GERALD WILL BOX IKE Marr ten or fifteen rounds, at 7st 4lb, if any boxing promoter will give a purse.

(*Continued on page* 14.)



HARRY WARE,
Now Matched to Box "Pedlar" Palmer in November at the National Sporting Club.

A GRUESOME MEAL WITH A SKELETON.
New Craze for a Fashionable Beauty.

PLAYED ON THE COWBOYS WITH THE WATER HOSE.
He "Outed" Their Smokes and the Men at the Same Time.

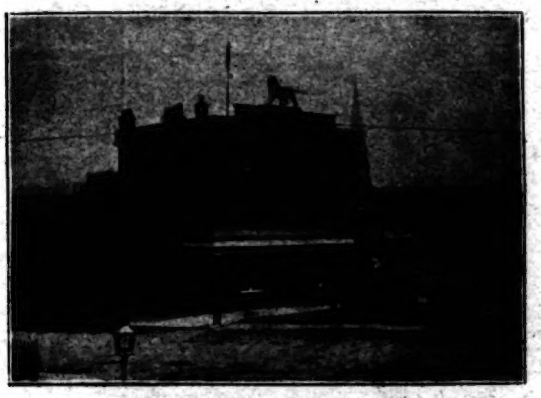
"PEDLAR" PALMER,
The Box of Tricks, Now Matched to Box Harry Ware at the National Sporting Club.

THE MITRE,
Proprietored by "Jolly Jumbo."

THE BUNGALOW,
His House at Horsenden Hill.

THE COACH AND HORSES,
"Jolly's" Pub. at Stonebridge Park.

A POACHER NEATLY TRAPPED.
Plucky Girl Secures him by a Bold Stroke



THE NEW RED LION,
Where "Jolly" Draws John Barleycorn.

LOST HIS WAGER ON THE ELECTION,
And Had to Ride Round the Town in his Own Coffin.

TOM KING,
A Clever Little Boxer, who Hails from St. George's.

(Continued from page 11.)

WILL CURLEY MATCHED WITH SAMMY KELLY.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MIRROR OF LIFE a match has been made between Will Curley, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sammy Kelly for £200 a-side, the contest to take place before the club offering the largest purse. The following are the Articles:—

UNDER QUEENSBERRY RULES.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Entered into this twelfth day of September, 1900, between Will Curley, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Sammy Kelly, of New York, wherein they agree to box twenty rounds at eight stone ten pounds, with four ounce gloves, for the largest purse offered, and £200 a-side, divided as follows: Winner, £75 per cent., Loser, £25 per cent. each for training expenses.

The Contest to take place at Club offering largest Purse, on

The men to be in the ring between eight and ten o'clock, and to weigh at two o'clock on day of contest.

In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these Articles, the Referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final, conclusive, and subject to NO APPEAL in any Court of Law.

Either man NOT TRYING to be disqualified, and the man disqualified to receive no part of the purse given.

The Referee, Judges, and Timekeeper to be appointed by THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

To guarantee our appearance as specified above we each hereby agree to deposit the sum of £25 in the hands of THE MIRROR OF LIFE. The one failing to comply with these conditions to forfeit said deposit to his opponent.

SAMMY KELLY (William Jenkins) } Signatures.
WILL CURLEY }

Witnesses { DAVID JOSEPH. T. SOUTHALL.

BOXING AT WEST HARTLEPOOL.—At the Circus, Lynn Street, the West Hartlepool Gymnasium opened for the season, and considering the counter attractions in the town a fairly good audience attended to witness an excellent programme. The competition for the silver cup, and medal for runner up, for novices who had never won a prize, was fully appreciated by the audience on account of the clever, tricky work put in by Conway, the winner of the cup, a youth who appeared to be looking anywhere but at his opponent. The ten rounds contest, Manning v. McPhearson, went the full length, both lads working well, ending with a small margin of points in favour of Manning. Twelve rounds contest between Gray v. Farley.—Those youths seemed to be out for a holiday; indeed, the first two rounds would scarcely have done credit to an exhibition. However, after Mr. O'Brien, the referee, had quietly but forcibly intimated that unless they got to work it would be a case of no song no supper, they made matters a bit more lively until the fourth round, when Farley gave up. Twelve Rounds Contest: Grant v. Fearney.—This was a bout that would have delighted a lover of boxing. The men met last season for a purse given by the West Hartlepool Gymnasium, when Fearney was knocked out; it was thought at the time that Fearney was rather unfortunate, and since then the youths have had a little private scrap with the unadorned—hence the present meeting was full of interest. Both youths appeared to be in the pink of condition, and are certainly very clever. Grant, who gained the decision, seemed the strongest of the pair. The contest, though short, was a credit alike to both winner and loser. The committee of the West Hartlepool Gymnasium have arranged to have another series of competitions at the Circus, Lynn Street, on Saturday, September 29.

BOXING CONTEST AT SHEFFIELD.—The City Boxing Club was fairly well attended early last week when Young Blondin and Ted Heaver met to contest the best of ten rounds of two minutes' duration, at catch-weight, with 6oz. gloves, for a purse presented by T. Garside. Blondin, who is eighteen years of age, stands 5ft., and scaled 7st 6lb; whilst Heaver, who is seventeen years of age, stands 5ft 1in, and weighed 7st. The battle was a regular slog, and in the third round Blondin knocked out Heaver with a right-hander.

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ALF LEEPER TO "GINGER" ELLIOTT.—Alf Leeper can be matched to box Elliott fifteen or twenty rounds at 8st 4lb, for from £10 a-side upwards, if Mr. Bettinson, of the N.S.C., or the New Adelphi Club will give a purse. Early answer will oblige.

FRANK BURGE, OF CHELTENHAM, and Frank Escott, of Birmingham.—Burge will box Escott for any sum he can get.

BOXING AT DALKEITH.—A FIGHT took place at Dalkeith between Jack Alder, of Dundee, and Andrew Blake, of Rosewell, for a trophy. They boxed at catch-weight with small gloves, and after boxing two rounds and a part of a third Blake knocked the Dundee man through the ropes by a right-hand punch on the chin, and he lay there until counted out.

TOM KING,

A Clever Little Boxer Who Hails From St. George's.

(With Portrait.)

TOM KING was born in the parish of St. George's in 1880, and stands 5ft high, and can scale at 7st 12lb. His first contest was at Tom Symond's, when he defeated Ted Silver in 6rds; beat "Nimble" White, 4rds; beat "Clogghy" Lilford, 20rds; beat Bill Hullett, 6rds; beat Dave Lock, ½rd; beat Joe Brett, ½rd; beaten by George Harding in 6rds; beat Ernie Hunt twice, 8rds and 6rds; beat Jack Guyons in 34rds in the old style; beaten by Jack Guyons in 8rds; beat McCoy, 8rds; fought a draw with McCoy, 10rds; beaten by McCoy, 10rds; beat Nat Keizer twice, 8rds and 10rds; beat Nat Keizer, 10rds; fought a draw with Nat Keizer, 8rds; beaten by Sid Scales, 8rds; beat Joe Kenney, 4rds; beat Joe Ross, 10rds; beat Young Sharper, 1½rds; fought a draw with Jack Lewis, of America, 10rds; beat Jack Lewis, of America, 10rds; beat Jem Thomas, of South Wales, in 5rds; beat Jack Hennessey, 1½rds and 10rds; beat Nat Keizer, 10rds; beat Bill Pyke, 1½rds and 6rds; beat Ted Goodson, 6rds; beat Tom Hackett, 2rds.

GEORGE COLIN CAMPBELL.

A Travelling Showman and All-round Athlete, who is well-known in London and the Provinces.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE COLIN CAMPBELL, the subject of this sketch, was born in Lambeth, 1872, of Irish-Scotch parents, and has had a varied career in a short time. Won an open competition, Chatham, 1889; met Spree, of Chatham, twice; Crozier, of Uxbridge, 4rds; Marney, of Hoxton, 8rds; travelled with a booth, taking on all comers in conjunction with Ted Pritchard and the late Charlie Davis. He is a familiar figure on Hampstead Heath, on holiday occasions, to the lovers of the "noble art." Is well known throughout the provinces with his troupe of boxers, and he is proprietor of several exhibitions travelling the country.

CAME IN TIME TO STOP THE CEREMONY.

The Wife Produced Her Marriage Lines.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A DRAMATIC incident occurred at a small chapel, and a very small number of persons were the actors. The minister was in readiness to unite a couple in the locks of matrimony, the bride and her lady friend had already arrived, and they were at the time speaking to the minister, expecting the bridegroom every moment; but instead of his making any appearance a lady entered, and quickly making her way to the party, drew a marriage certificate from her pocket, thus showing that her husband intended to commit bigamy, to the confusion and consternation of the would-be bride, who left the place lamenting.

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ADVT.

BRIDGET CLEANED THE WINDOWS WITH THE PUP.

Carried Out Her Master's Orders to the Letter.

(Subject of Illustration.)

BRIDGET, who was the hired help at Murphy's saloon, came from the land of taters, and true to the nature of her countrymen, was full of accidental humour, and with a beautiful rich brogue that you could cut with a knife, she generally answered to all orders or questions, "An that's thrue fur yez." On one occasion Murphy desired the windows to be cleaned, and informed Bridget by saying, "Bridget, clean the windows, and while you are about it wash the dog." "And that's thrue fur yez," said Bridget, and hastened to execute the order. "An' I'll do the job at once," said she. Taking the dog she tied the animal to the broom, and dipping it in a pail of water commenced to rub the panes with the hairy coat. Of course, Murphy rushed out and tried to explain, but Bridget is still certain that her master told her to do it in the manner described.

FOUND ON THE BEACH, GIVEN UP BY THE TIDE.

Sad Story of a Wrecked Life of a Young Girl.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE receding tide left on the beach the body of a young girl, and the verdict was "Found drowned." There was no evidence to show how the girl came to be there, but her empty pockets and poverty-stricken appearance, no doubt, led her to commit suicide. Some time previously she moved in good society, but one man had led her astray, and the downward path widened at every step until she became an outcast. Without home, friends, or any tie, the girl chose to quit an ungrateful world, and while the town slept she must have thrown herself from the pier, where many times she had walked with admirers.

STABBED HER RIVAL WHILE SHE SLEPT.

An Austrian Actress's Mad Jealous Act.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A TERRIBLE tragedy occurred at Budapest in an opium smoking den kept by a Chinaman named Li Fuchow. The principals in this unfortunate affair were two Austrian actresses who had not only been rivals on the stage, but both had centred their affections on a lieutenant in the Austrian army. He in company with one of the girls named Bertha Schmidt visited the house kept by the Chinaman, and while under the influence of the pipe Marie Hauser, her rival, with a dagger concealed in her belt, followed them, and while unconscious of danger stabbed Schmidt fatally in the left breast.

A POACHER NEATLY TRAPPED.

Plucky Girl Secures him by a Bold Stroke.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE plucky daughter of a landed proprietor very neatly bagged a thief who had been poaching on the estate. The young lady was out shooting, and during her sport she saw a man some distance away filling a sack. There was a stream of water running between them, but raising her gun and covering the man she compelled him to cross over towards her, and quietly making him walk to the front handed him over to the farm hand, who quickly placed him in goal.

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A Charming Young Lady, who recently Performed the Record One-Handed Lift.

(With Portrait.)

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GATTI'S (CROSS) WILL RE-OPEN on Monday, October 1, with a strong programme.

A SPECIAL MATINEE OF "THE Casino Girl" will be given on Saturday next in aid of the sufferers of the Galveston disaster.

THE SALAMBOS ARE CREATING much wonderment at the Empire Theatre of Varieties, Brighton, in their unique fire-eating performance.

SATURDAY MORNING PERFORM-ances commenced last Saturday at the Palace Theatre.

WILL EVANS'S COMBINATION OF music and drollery is much appreciated at the Oxford.

MRS. LEWIS WALLER AS ZAZA filled the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, last week.

SOME EXCELLENT WAR PICTURES are being shown at the Alhambra. La Tortajada finished a successful engagement here last week.

MR. FRED HARRIS, WHO MANAGES the Queen's, Poplar, will have his annual benefit on October 4. This will be a night of nights.

LEONARD BOYNE WILL PLAY THE Soldier Lover at the Lyceum in the forthcoming play by Seymour Hicks and F. Lathom. The story deals to some extent with the war in South Africa.

THE NEW EDITION OF "FLORO-dora" appeared last Thursday. A valuable addition to the already strong company has been made in the clever and sweet-voiced Miss Florence St. John.

"THE HANDY MAN," WHICH IS THE title of the new ballet now in rehearsal at the Alhambra, will comprise many novel features and massive scenery. It will, as at present arranged, be produced on Monday next.

CROWDS ARE NIGHTLY AT-tracted to the Alhambra, where M. Marcel's Basso Rilievo living pictures form a strong item in a big programme; the spectacle is novel and fascinating; the variety portion of the bill is also a strong one. The "Soldiers of the Queen" ballet shows no signs of waning in public favour.

THE GAIETY IS AGAIN GAY the "Messenger Boy" having made a triumphal return, and it should be a very long time before he needs replacement. The musical play is being interpreted by a capital company, and a continual feast of enjoyment is provided.

THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE WAS packed when I paid a visit last week (first performance), and a huge crowd was waiting to go in for the second house as we came out. The programme included that very clever lady, "Talma," who mystified with her marvellous sleight of hand. Charles Stevens explained to his audience (in song) that he had been away a good many years, and was doubtful as to his welcome on returning home, having been a bit of a scapegrace. The green light at the commencement of the last verse put us in some doubt, but it was all right, and the singer retired amidst flattering applause. The Florenz Troupe of Acrobats proved a clever turn; there are five gentlemen and one lady, who proved herself a "pillar of society" by the ease with which she carried two of the number off the stage. The Alexandre Trio, in nondescript costumes, played divinely. Miss Alice Maydue contributed an exceptionally clever turn; her song dealt with her changing her name from "Sally Smith" to a higher sounding one for the purposes of going upon the stage; she then demonstrated how she played leading lady, and introduced a bit of clever acting. Then there was Burke and Andrus with their bucking mule "Frisco," who set the audience laughing from start to finish; to see Burke or Andrus endeavour to ride "Frisco" is fun enough in itself, but when a huge inflated india-rubber ball was produced for the animal to kick I laid back in my stall and roared, and when the ball landed me fairly and squarely in the face the whole house roared with me. Mildaré, the whistler, the Bale Troupe, and many other first-rate turns were on the programme

DAVE.

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Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
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